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THE "BLANKET" AMENDMENT—A DEBATE

I—SUFFRAGE DOES NOT GIVE EQUALITY

DORIS STEVENS

MEN and women shall have equal rights throughout the United States and every place under its jurisdiction. These are the words of the "blanket" amendment which a well-organized body of women are determined to incorporate in the Constitution. An active member of the National Woman's Party gives many arguments in favor of recognizing the equality of women in the law and answers the stock objections. She contends that protective laws should not be based on discriminations of sex but on special needs.

WHEN the baby-carriage was invented, the press and the pulpit cried out in alarm, "What is to become of the home, that sacred foundation of the State? Whither will go the morals of women when they no longer have to carry their young in their arms?" And then they answered their own questions. "There will be no limit to the corruption which will follow when women can wheel their offspring far from home. There will be no check on the temptations offered by men to roaming mothers." A whole battalion of sedate mothers, suddenly turned flippant, irresponsible, courting moral hazards, practically racing each other through the lanes to get away from their chosen partners and into amorous difficulties! Such was the picture painted by the male alarmists of that period.

Let us pass over the absurd prediction of sudden and demoralizing change in the habits of mothers when possessed of a new mechanical device. Let us rather deplore that unflattering picture of themselves which men, in their anxiety, inadvertently painted. Did they really wish to keep women unwillingly tied to them by enforced papoosing? Did they really find themselves so unat-

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tractive as husbands and fathers that the innocent baby-carriage was all that stood between them and unfaithful, licentious wives and mothers? Is the male, of himself, so insecure that he becomes perennially frantic when he sees the female performing any act of self-direction? If the opponents of baby-carriages had taken to banner bearing, their slogans would doubtless have read: "Some women go astray while wheeling their babies. Therefore abolish perambulators and protect women!"

Now the intellectual calibre of the opposition to the present demand to improve further the position of women is scarcely more distinguished. It has its roots in the same fears, the same prejudices, and the same feelings of insecurity. It is rarely malicious. When articulate at all, it springs from misunderstanding. But whether on a high or a low level, opposition must be met and answered. The fact that we are here engaged in a debate proves that the equality program is not accepted without defense, even by leading periodicals.

When women finally got the right to vote, after seventy-five years of agitation in the United States, many good citizens sighed with relief and said, "Now that's over. The woman problem is disposed of." But was it? Exactly what do women want now? Just this. They ask the same rights, in law and in custom, with which every man is now endowed through the accident of being born a male. Frail and inadequate as these rights may be, compared to those rights we would like to see enjoyed by all men, women are nevertheless still deprived of many of them. To establish equality between men and women in law and in custom is the task undertaken by the National Woman's Party, an organization composed of women diverse in political, religious, and economic faith, but united on the platform of improving the position of women.

There is not a single State in the Union in which men and women live under equal protection of the law. There is not a State which does not in some respects still reflect toward women the attitude of either the old English Common Law or the Napoleonic Code. Woman is still conceived to be in subjection to, and under the control of the husband, if married, or of the male members of the family, if unmarried. In most of the States the father and mother have been made equal guardians of their

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children, but many of these States still deny the mother equal rights to the earnings and services of the children. Among the poor this is often a serious handicap to the mother. In New York, fathers are preferred to mothers as controllers of the services, earnings, and real estate of the children. In two States the father can still will away the custody of the child from the mother. In two States the earnings of the wife outside the home belong to the husband. In forty States the husband owns the services of his wife in the home. In most of these States this means that the husband recovers the damages for the loss of these services, should the wife meet with an injury. A wife then cannot collect for her own suffering, for in the eyes of such laws, it is not the wife who is injured, but the husband is assumed to be injured through the loss of her services to him. More than half the States do not permit women to serve on juries. Some legislators oppose jury service for women because of "moral hazard" of deliberating in a room with men. Other legislators favor jury service for women, for it means extending to women a service which men are seldom willing to perform. In only a third of the States is prostitution a crime for the male as well as the female.

With the removal of all legal discriminations against women solely on account of sex, women will possess with men:

Equal control of their children
Equal control of their property
Equal control of their earnings
Equal right to make contracts
Equal citizenship rights
Equal inheritance rights
Equal control of national, state, and local government
Equal opportunities in schools and universities
Equal opportunities in government service
Equal opportunities in professions and industries
Equal pay for equal work

Of course, no law on earth can compel a woman to take her inheritance, for instance, if she prefers to give it to her brother or to some one else. But such an act would then become voluntary, not compulsory. No law can compel a woman to sit in the Cabinet or act as Ambassador if she does not wish to do so. But neither the law nor any other human-made restriction will, under a régime of equality, be able to prevent her from doing either of these things if she so chooses.

The plan of action is the next point to consider. The National Woman's Party, out of its experience in amending the national

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Constitution granting universal suffrage to women, proposes to secure the adoption of the further amendment now before Congress: "Men and women shall have equal rights throughout the United States and every place subject to its jurisdiction. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

The Federal method is preferred to the State-by-State method for the following reasons. All broad, general principles governing a country should be written into the supreme law of the land. National action is more dignified, and the more intelligent road to pursue; five hundred and thirty-one men in Congress are more easily moved than the entire electorate. A national campaign unites the resources of women, whereas State-by-State action divides the resources of women and makes their work infinitely more wasteful. Time and money are important factors. In a century, with vast sums expended, each separate State statute could eventually be changed to establish legal equality. But why should women take the long, tedious, expensive route when a shorter one lies before them? Each gain by State action in any given State can be taken away by a subsequent legislature through repeal, as has already twice happened in the case of State laws. Gains to be safeguarded and made permanent must be written into the national Constitution. Once passed by Congress and ratified by the State legislatures, all existing discriminatory State laws will have to conform to the new Federal amendment, just as did the existing State laws when the national suffrage amendment was ratified. Furthermore it will prevent new sex discriminations from being written into the law.

In so far as opposition to the foregoing plan has crystallized at all, three main objections stand out. First, that change in the laws should come slowly, statute by statute. Our answer to this objection is found in the preceding paragraph on Federal action. Second, that maternity legislation and widows' pensions will be wiped out. Now maternity legislation is designed to assist a special group of women under special circumstances. It is not special legislation for *women;* it is for *mothers*. All women are not mothers. All mothers are not in constant need of maternity protection. That group of women whom this legislation is written to protect, will still be protected by such special legislation, just

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as workmen's compensation, written to cover special groups of men, and soldiers' bonuses and funds for invalided soldiers, are written to protect them. The amendment under consideration will in no way affect such special legislation, for the simple reason that it is not based on sex, but upon the special need of a given group under certain circumstances. The same is true of widows' pensions. Such pensions are written for the benefit of the child, and are being given more and more to whichever parent of the child survives, widow or widower. In Colorado the law already provides that such pensions shall be administered either by widow or widower. Is there any reason to believe that a needy widower should not have that same protection for the child that a deserving widow has? The final objection says: Grant political, social, and civil equality to women, but do not give equality to women in industry.

Here lies the heart of the whole controversy. It is not astonishing, but very intelligent indeed, that the battle should center on the point of woman's right to sell her labor on the same terms as man. For unless she is able equally to compete, to earn, to control, and to invest her money, unless in short woman's economic position is made more secure, certainly she cannot establish equality in fact. She will have won merely the shadow of power without essential and authentic substance.

Those who would limit only women to certain occupations and to certain restricted hours of work, base their program of discrimination on two points, the "moral hazard" to women and their biological inferiority. It is a philosophy which would penalize all women because some women are morally frail and physically weak. It asks women to set their pace with the weakest member of their sex. All men are not strong. Happily it has not occurred to society to limit the development of all men because some are weak. Would these protectionists be willing to say that because some men-members of the Cabinet had been suspected of moral frailty, no men should henceforth serve as Cabinet Ministers? This principle of penalizing the strong because some are weak, which has been abandoned by enlightened educationalists, now awaits rejection in the industrial field. Natural fitness, not "protection," will determine the extent of competition.

Dock work, dray work, and coal-heaving are occupations open

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to all men, and yet no one has ever seen the weakest members of the species rush into these occupations. Women will be quite as sensible and adroit at avoiding work beyond their strength as men have been, once they have a free choice. What reason is there to believe that if tomorrow the whole industrial field were opened to women on the same terms as men, women would insist on doing the most menial tasks in the world, the most difficult, the tasks for which they are the least fitted? May it not rather be that men know the reverse will be true, which has led some labor leaders to rush to the banner of "protection for women only"? Furthermore, if this argument were sound, then obviously women ought to have all the delightful office jobs, ought to be relieved of such tasks as scrubbing floors in office buildings, and ought to turn over this work to the stronger male members of the species. If it is only their physical strength that stands in their way, they should abandon drudgery by day and baby-tending by night, and, with the greatest possible speed, become railroad presidents, bank presidents, and other executive officers, whose weekly golf game is the chief physical tax.

No one really believes today that the morals of an adult grow stronger in the ratio that he is protected. Women as well as men become more responsible in the realm of morals only when all are free to behave according to the dictates of social conscience. And obviously, if the streets are unsafe at night for those women whose needs oblige them to work at night, the answer is most emphatically not to prevent women from earning their livelihood, but to make the streets safe for their coming and going.

But, it is argued, women are more easily exploited in industry than men. There are reasons for this outside of sex, not the least of which is the shocking neglect by men's labor organizations to organize women in their trades. When women first went from the home into industry, they carried with them, among other things, the psychology of unpaid workers. For as workers in the home they had always done the unpaid work of the world. They had their keep, but neither wages nor partnership profits. And so they shrank from asking adequate pay. They thought they should be grateful for being permitted to play in the big game at all. They were docile. They were exploited. Gradually they became bolder. Gradually they entered the better-paid trades and professions.

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Gradually they asked higher remuneration. It is only now that they are well on the road to matching their wits and their intelligences with men, that women are told they must be 'protected.' Protection is a delusion. Protection, no matter how benevolent in motive, unless applied alike to both sexes, amounts to actual penalization.

The Woman's Party is not an industrial organization and therefore does not presume to say whether workers shall work eight or four hours a day, or what wages shall be paid for such work; whether more leisure for the masses shall be got by legislation or unionism. In the best interests of women, it stands against restrictions which are not alike for both sexes, and which, therefore, constantly limit the scope of women's entry into the field of more desirable and better paid work. It believes that no human being, man or woman, should be exploited by industry. As firmly it believes that just so long as sex is made the artificial barrier to labor-selling, merit can never become the criterion of an applicant for a job.

Woman's emancipation was delayed once upon a time while theologians debated the nature of her soul. Emancipation is still being delayed while good people debate with tender concern the strength of her body. There is nothing new in the biological argument. It has been brought forward, simultaneously with the moral argument, every time women have moved a step forward. Its ghost walked abroad when women asked to be permitted to speak in public; later, when they asked for an education; again when they asked to be allowed to enter the professions; and still more recently when they asked for the vote. The belief in woman's frailty, in spite of all the gray, spirit-breaking drudgery she has performed, is so profoundly woven into the fabric of a people's thought that it has to be challenged over and over again. It will be routed in the present controversy.

With each new gain, women become stronger, more robust, more competent and more useful members of society, and these ghosts vanish. Freer opportunities of self-expression have never damaged any group of human beings. No group of men or women was ever enlightened enough to tell any other group of men and women, — much less an entire sex, — what was best for them.

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The National Woman's Party conceives women to be important, continuing, self-governing units of society. It conceives them to be possessed of talents and intelligences, of beauties and creative possibilities heretofore unfathomed. It proposes to do its uttermost to lift women from their present position of subjection and to put no human limits on the possibilities of their development.

To this end it seeks, as the next step, the equality of women in the law.

II — PROTECTION FOR WOMEN WORKERS

ALICE HAMILTON

IT is not accurate to call the blanket amendment a bill for "equal rights" for both sexes, argues this eminent Professor of Industrial Medicine, when it virtually forbids one sex to proceed along lines already tried and approved unless the other sex will come too. There is abundant evidence that women stand the strains of industry less well than men, and this writer presents statistics which seem to show that the proposed law would endanger protective legislation which has been obtained only after a long struggle.

THERE is a difference of opinion between two groups of women in this country with regard to the best way to secure for women freedom from discriminatory laws which hamper them as women and which survive as anachronisms in a modern society. The goal of all feminists is the same, the securing for women of as great a degree of self-determination as can be enjoyed in complex community life without detriment to others, and freedom from handicaps in the industrial struggle. The method whereby this is to be secured is the point of controversy. I belong to the group which holds that the right method is to repeal or alter one by one the laws that now hamper women or work injustice to them, and which opposes the constitutional amendment sponsored by the Woman's Party on the ground that it is too dangerously sweeping and all-inclusive. If no legislation is to be permitted except it apply to both sexes, we shall find it impossible to regulate by law the hours or wages or conditions of work of women and that would be, in my opinion, a harm far greater than the good that might be accomplished by removing certain antiquated abuses and injustices, which, bad as

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they are, do not injure nearly so many women as would be affected if all protective laws for working women were rendered unconstitutional.

It is a pity that words of general significance are used to describe this measure, for the result is a confusion which might be avoided by more precise terms. For instance, it is not really accurate to call this an amendment for "equal rights" for both sexes, when practically it forbids one sex to proceed along lines already tried and approved unless the other sex will come too. Organized working men in the United States long since adopted the policy of seeking improvement in hours, wages, and conditions of work through their unions and not by legislation. Women, whose labor organizations are young and feeble, have sought to secure reforms through legislation. This amendment would make it impossible for them to do so. The usual retort to that assertion is, that then the women must organize strongly, as men have done, but why? Trade unionism is a valuable weapon for the workers but it is not the only one. Women have never been strong in the trade union movement, not even in those industries which are overwhelmingly feminine, such, for instance, as the textile. Whatever be the reason for this, it is an indisputable fact, and it seems strange that women of the professional and leisure classes should wish to make it impossible for wage-earning women to use any method of procedure for their own betterment except one which they have shown themselves unable to use with any real power.

The advocates of the amendment quote in its favor working women who have lost their jobs because of laws prohibiting night work or overtime, and of course such cases do occur. Unfortunately there are always some individuals who lose out in any group action. The bitterest opponent of trade unionism is the highly skilled, exceptionally capable workman with an individualistic outlook on life, who resents any control from the group and wants to be let alone to work when and how he pleases. That his grievances are often real, nobody can deny, but if we are to live in a community, the greatest good to the greatest number must outweigh the rights of the individual. For every woman linotypist who wishes to take night work on a newspaper, there must be hundreds of textile mill operatives who suffer from the

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compulsion to work on the night shift. For one supervisor or forewoman who wishes to work overtime, there must be hundreds of saleswomen and telephone girls who long to be freed from the necessity of so doing. It would seem that the safer, if slower, way would be to work out exemptions, so far as possible, in such legislation, to provide for those women who really do wish for entire freedom in making their bargains and are entitled to it.

We are told by members of the Woman's Party that if we "free" the working woman, allow her to "compete on equal terms with men," her industrial status will at once be raised. She is supposed now to be suffering from the handicap of laws regulating her working conditions and hours of labor and longing to be rid of them. But such a statement could never be made by anyone familiar with labor. It assumes that the present protective laws have always been in force and that the passage of the blanket amendment would usher in a new era of freedom and equality. Of course the reverse is true. Laws protecting women workers are of comparatively recent origin and are still far from universal throughout the country. It is not necessary to try the experiment of identical laws for the two sexes; we have been watching that experiment for decades and we can still observe it in many States. Compare for instance three pairs of States lying side by side. Will anyone say that it is better to be a woman wage earner in Indiana where hours are practically unrestricted than in Ohio where a woman is sure of a nine-hour day and a six-day week? Is the textile worker in Rhode Island freer and happier than her sister in Massachusetts because she is not handicapped by legal restrictions, except a ten-hour day, while the Massachusetts woman may work only nine hours, and that not without a break, must have time for her noon-day meal, one day of rest in seven, no night work, and is not allowed to sell her work for less than a minimum living wage? What of Missouri and Kansas? I should like to ask Kansas women if they envy the freedom of the women of Missouri and if they are ready to give up the laws which provide for an eight-hour day and a six-day week and a minimum wage and no night work. Any one who knows conditions in those States will say without hesitation that the so-called liberty of the women of Indiana, Missouri, and Rhode

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Island is a mockery and that, far from benefiting the woman wage earner, it simply hands her over to the exploiting employer.

One great source of weakness in the women's labor movement is the fact that so many of them are very young. Working men are scattered through the different age groups much as are the men in the population in general, except of course in the groups over fifty years, for their duration of life is shorter. But women wage earners are massed in the early age groups. Let me give the figures from a fairly typical manufacturing establishment, employing 3,326 men and 1,031 women. They are divided in the different groups as follows:

	Women	*Men*
15 to 20 years	33.5 per cent	14.2 per cent
21 to 25 "	29.5 " "	20.9 " "
26 to 30 "	16.0 " "	18.4 " "
31 to 40 "	14.2 " "	21.9 " "
41 to 50 "	5.6 " "	13.2 " "
51 to 60 "	0.9 " "	7.7 " "
Over 60 "	0 " "	3.4 " "

Of the women, only 11.3 per cent are over 35 years of age; of the men, 34.5 per cent. This means that a far larger proportion of women than of men go into this plant for a short period only, that most of them are at a time of life which is not characterized by prudence, foresight, and self-denial for the common good. They are not looking forward to a life of industrial employment, they hope to marry out of it as quickly as possible, and although many of them must return to it after marriage, that does not enter into their outlook before marriage. They are young, reckless of health and strength, individualistic, lacking the desire to organize, and quite powerless, without organization, to control in any way the conditions of their work.

On the other hand, the older women are as a rule even harder to bring together and more devoid of courage. They are usually mothers of families, widows, or deserted, or with sick or incompetent husbands; they carry the double burden of housework and factory work and they are recognized by all who know the labor world as the most hopeless material for the union organizer, incapable of rebellion, capable of endless submission. It is for these women that the laws prohibiting night work are most needed. The father of a family, if he works at night, can get his sleep

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during the day and yet have his meals served and his children cared for; the mother of a family cannot, even if her husband is there. It may be that some day the race will reach such a point of development that the man will feel the pull of responsibility toward the daily needs of his babies as keenly as the woman does, but nobody could venture to say that we have reached that stage as yet. The working mother is handicapped by her own nature, she cannot take the sleep she needs till the demands of her children have been satisfied; the father can and does.

But there is more than this to be considered in the discussion of special protection for working women. There is evidence that they stand the strains of industry less well than men. In the sickness insurance statistics of European countries women have more days of absence on account of sickness than men do. We have no such data in this country, but we have statistics which show that the industrial disease par excellence, tuberculosis, takes a heavier toll of working women than of working men. The Federal Bureau of Labor tabulated the death records of a textile city, Fall River, Massachusetts and published them as part of the *Report on the Condition of Woman and Child Wage Earners in the United States*. (Washington, 1912, Vol. XIV). The following two tables give the general death rate per thousand inhabitants and the tuberculosis death rate, for men and women mill operatives and for men and women outside the mills:

ALL CAUSES OF DEATH PER 1,000 POPULATION

AGES	*Men outside mills*	*Men in mills*	*Women outside mills*	*Women in mills*
15 to 19 yrs.	4.64	2.48	2.85	4.91
20 to 24 "	5.22	4.41	3.07	5.68
25 to 29 "	4.13	4.47	5.04	7.66
30 to 34 "	8.7	8.46	7.09	11.3
35 to 39 "	5.67	11.69	5.9	11.57
40 to 44 "	9.99	7.2	7.69	14.57

The mill men have, on the whole, a death rate not strikingly different from that of the general population, better in some age groups, worse in others, but the women in the mills have in every group a death rate higher than the women outside the mills, and in most groups the contrast is very striking. The tuberculosis rates bring this out even more clearly:

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DEATHS FROM TUBERCULOSIS PER 1,000 POPULATION

AGES	*Men outside mills*	*Men in mills*	*Women outside mills*	*Women in mills*
15 to 19 yrs.	0.93	1.6	1.10	2.23
20 to 24 "	1.39	2.61	0.99	2.51
25 to 29 "	1.45	1.57	1.71	4.53
30 to 34 "	3.36	4.46	2.19	4.91
35 to 39 "	3.99	3.05	1.00	3.86
40 to 44 "	1.52	3.02	0.23	2.35

The mill women have an excess death rate, compared to the women non-operatives, of 42 per cent to 96 per cent, and an excess tuberculosis death rate from 103 per cent to almost one thousand — 922 per cent. We must remember also that the mill women are massed in the early age groups, where normally the death rate is low. If we compare the two sexes in the population outside the mill we see that the women have in most age groups a lower death rate from all diseases than the men. This is true in all communities. But the women in the mills have in every age group but one a much higher death rate than the men, and in that one the numbers are about equal. The greatest contrast is in the 25–29 age group, influenced doubtless by the deaths from child birth.

The total death rates from 15 to 44 years are as follows: Men outside mills, 2.04; women, 1.23. Men in mills, 2.63; women, 3.20.

The greater hazard of industrial work for young women is indicated by recent statistics published by the Metropolitan Life Company for the years 1911 to 1920. Up to ten years of age the tuberculosis death rate is about the same for both sexes, but then for the following twenty years the rate for women rises till it is considerably in excess of the men's rate, and it reaches its greatest height at about 27 years, while the men's rate is highest at 42 years. Drolet's figures for New York City show that the peak for women has in recent years fallen from the 25–29 age group to the 20–24 year group, and he attributes this change to the increased entrance of young women into industry.

When it comes to the poisonous trades, the care for special protection of women against the dangers of industry is even clearer. During the war in Europe it was necessary to employ in munition work women and such men as were incapacitated for military service by age or physical defect. The women repre-

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sented an average group, the men an inferior, selected group, yet there was more sickness from poisonous explosives among the former than among the latter. In Germany the explosive chiefly used was dinitrobenzene, which is very poisonous. The proportion of cases of poisoning among the men in 1916 was 56.7 per hundred employed, among the women 66, while in 1918 when all were suffering from malnutrition, the cases rose to 100.5 per hundred men employed, but to 119 per hundred women.

Most of the data regarding the part played by sex in susceptibility to trade poisons have been gathered in the lead trades. In England, in those trades in which both men and women have been employed in contact with soluble lead compounds, such as pottery glazing and decorating and the production of white lead, it has been shown by abundant statistical evidence that women are at once more susceptible to lead poisoning and suffer more severely when they are poisoned. Recently the United States Public Health Service published a report of the potteries in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia in which the same over-susceptibility of women is shown. They examined 1,809 men and women employed in work which brought them in contact with soluble lead and found that the average period of exposure to lead of the men who developed lead poisoning was 17 years, but the average period of exposure of the women was only 9.3 years. "It should also be mentioned that in most plants the length of day for the female worker is from one-half hour to one hour shorter than that of the male worker. It would seem, therefore, that the female reaches these stages of lead poisoning in about half the time required for the male to reach them."

The Germans do not find a greater susceptibility to lead among women nor did I find it in my investigation of American potteries, which was far less thorough than that of the Public Health Service. It is, however, admitted by every student that lead poisoning takes a more serious form in women than in men. Thus I found that only one in 17 of the men potters who had plumbism had the severe form, with involvement of the brain, while among the women one in four and a half of the cases of plumbism was of this kind. Prendergast, of the Staffordshire pottery towns, found that 34.9 per cent of the women with lead poisoning suffered from convulsions, delirium, or coma, while among the men only 15 per

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cent had this form. Blindness, partial or total, was present in 17.9 per cent of the women; in only 5.8 per cent of the men.

The advocates of the blanket amendment say that they do not oppose laws designed to protect the child, that they are ready to favor protection of "pregnant persons" and "nursing persons." This is, of course, an important concession. But the damage done by an industrial poison may antedate pregnancy. Women who have worked in a lead trade before marriage and still more women who work in lead after marriage are more likely to be sterile than women who have worked in other trades; if they conceive they are less likely to carry the child to term; and if they do they are less likely to bear a living child and their living children are less able to survive the first weeks of life. There are many proofs of this in the literature and I have selected from them a table compiled from Home Office records by Thomas Oliver, England's most noted specialist on industrial plumbism:

To 100 mothers employed in housework, there were 43.2 miscarriages and stillbirths.
To 100 mothers employed in mill work, there were 47.6 miscarriages and stillbirths.
To 100 mothers employed in lead work before marriage, there were 86.0 miscarriages and stillbirths.
To 100 mothers employed in lead work after marriage, there were 133.5 miscarriages and stillbirths,—an average of almost 1½ apiece.

There are statistics from French sources which show that lead poisoning in the father also has an effect on the offspring and this is confirmed by experiments on animals and birds, but it is, of course, obvious that a poison circulating in the blood of the mother can affect not only the germ cell but the child throughout its intra-uterine life, while poisoning of the father can affect only the germ cell. As a matter of fact lead has been isolated from the blood and organs of stillborn children of leaded mothers.

The belief in the "equality of the sexes," interpreted to mean their essential identity, is very attractive to many people. When I first entered the labor field my inclination was in that direction, for I come of a family of suffragists; my grandmother was a close friend of Susan B. Anthony, and I had certainly never wished for any sort of privilege or special protection during my own career as a professional woman. During the first years of my study of the poisonous trades I was filled with impatience because I could get

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no hearing when I urged the necessity of safeguarding the ignorant, unorganized, foreign laborers in our dangerous lead trades, while at the same time I saw protective laws passed for women who were employed in far less dangerous work. But experience is a thorough if hard teacher, and I have learned now to take what I can get and be thankful. The American legislator cannot be aroused to much indignation over descriptions of poisonous, dusty, heavy, hot, and filthy work if it is done by men. The pioneer spirit which scorns "paternalism," the Nordic spirit which holds southern European labor in contempt, stand in the way and are hard obstacles to overcome. But this same hard-boiled legislator has a soft side when it comes to women workers. I remember an absurd instance of this during the war. I was up in the mountains of Pennsylvania inspecting a dynamite plant. There were a few girls employed there, handling nothing worse than paraffined paper, but they had a nice washroom with running water, soap, and towels. The large number of men who were in contact with really dangerous poisons, such as nitroglycerine and dinitrotoluene, had only the mountain brook. The law of Pennsylvania was apparently responsible for this perfectly silly discrimination between the sexes, but it would never occur to me to even up matters by taking away from the women decent provisions for cleanliness till such time as the company could be forced to provide them for the men too.

In Holland, I am told, the two sexes have recently been put on an equality in industry, not by taking privileges away from the women, but by extending them to the men. Holland is an old country, which has long been used to labor legislation. I cannot believe that we in the United States are nearing that point very fast, though I should like to think so. Meantime, until we reach it, I must, as a practical person, familiar with the great, inarticulate body of working women, reiterate my belief that they are largely helpless, that they have very special needs which unaided they cannot attain, and that it would be a crime for the country to pass legislation which would not only make it impossible to better their lot in the near future but would even deprive them of the small measure of protection they now enjoy.

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MEXICO'S NEW LEADER

ERNEST GRUENING

THIS article, written before the July elections in Mexico, assumes that General Plutarco Elias Calles will be the next President and gives not only a picture of the man but a succinct summary of his progressive policies, as expressed in his own words. Regarded by the old oligarchy as a radical, Calles professes to aim only at raising the political, economic, and social standards of his country to the plane of more democratic lands. His program is one of agrarian, industrial, and educational reform.

WHAT manner of man is Calles? He is sturdily built, above medium height, with powerful shoulders, a high forehead, deep-set, keen, penetrating eyes, a stubborn nose, and a firm jaw under a close-cropped moustache. In the somewhat prematurely aged and weather-beaten lineaments one senses power, determination, leadership. In them one discovers the key to the man himself. Calles has been in the Mexican revolutionary spot-light for over a decade. He was a spiritual insurgent before the end of the Diaz autocracy. Early in the struggle against Victoriano Huerta he was appointed by Alvaro Obregon, leader of the Constitutionalist armies, to the command of the forces in the State of Sonora. A staunch friend and supporter of Obregon throughout, he was, when Obregon finally became President, given the Secretaryship of *Gobernación*, the most important post in the Cabinet. De La Huerta, the third member of the "Sonora triumvirate," who had been provisional President between the fall of Carranza and the accession of Obregon, received the highly important Secretaryship of the Treasury.

In the first two years of the Obregon administration relatively little thought was given in Mexico to the succession. Restoring order after a decade of chaos was so consuming a problem, and the country was apparently so weary of fratricidal strife, that even the turbulent army element and the professional *politicos* were for the time quiescent. So Obregon proceeded to amnesty or stamp out the remaining rebels, to restore the communal lands in fulfilment of the most basic aspiration of the revolution, to initiate a general system of education, to demobilize the army gradually, to lay the foundation of the country's economic development. For three years there was peace, — not the rifle-imposed peace of Porfirio Diaz, — but the easy peace of good-

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natured tolerance. Mexico renewed its slight acquaintance with freedom of the press. Diplomatic recognition from the United States came at last, belatedly following a wholehearted recognition by the American people, and an era of unprecedented good feeling between the two countries seemed to have dawned.

Interest in the Presidential election now about a year off began to awaken. Calles had long seemed the obvious candidate. He was known as "the strong man" of the Obregon Cabinet. He had long been the President's right hand. He had to his credit a varied administrative record as school superintendent; as military commander; as Governor of Sonora; as Secretary of Commerce, Industry, and Labor under Carranza; as Secretary of War in the interim presidency of De La Huerta; and finally as head of the government machinery directly under President Obregon. De La Huerta was often mentioned as a presidential possibility. But it was he who apparently eliminated himself, missing no occasion to declare that he was wholly committed to the election of Calles, that to launch his candidacy would be to split the revolutionary movement, and that for him who had immediately preceded Obregon now to attempt to succeed him would violate in spirit at least the principle of democratic succession. Thus matters stood last spring. Calles, suffering from the effects of a long standing illness sought once more to retire from the presidential race in favor of De La Huerta, but the latter would not hear of it.

Those especially endorsing the Calles candidacy were Obregon and his following, labor as represented in the powerful Mexican Federation of Labor, the agrarians, and a fair proportion of the middle class of storekeepers in the cities and the town and country workers. Calles was offered the nomination by the Labor Party, the Agrarian Party, and other political aggregations and accepted it. He declined the nomination of a portion of the so-called *Cooperatista* Party, a group of professional politicians, because it wished to commit him to various appointments from their number. Other candidacies blossomed. Angel Flores, Governor of Sinaloa, Raoul Madero, an uncle of the late President Francisco Madero, and Carlos Zetina, a Mexico City shoe manufacturer, entered the lists. The campaign was under way.

Now it is important to recognize at this juncture that free

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presidential elections as we are accustomed to think of them in the United States have in the past been little known in Mexico. In the first half-century of a supposed democracy it was invariably the man with the most rifles at his command who was "elected" the nation's chief executive. Under a Constitution which forbade re-election "President" Porfirio Diaz succeeded in keeping himself in office for a generation. "Effective Suffrage and No Re-election" has been the slogan of the revolutionists ever since Madero. And the election of Madero, whatever its technical irregularities in a country unfamiliar with electoral machinery, was perhaps the first free and honest expression at the polls of the Mexican people's will. Huerta, who seized the reigns of government and murdered his chief, merely reverted to the time-honored Mexican procedure. Carranza, though fighting to oust Huerta, gained his victory and his presidency in the field. Obregon's election resembled Madero's. To be sure he first routed Carranza in battle, but he had revolted only after Carranza had sought to destroy him and his candidacy by violence in order to impose an unknown dummy as a chair-warming successor in the presidency. Obregon's election was a fulfilment of popular desire.

Now Obregon is a statesman, — the outstanding national figure since Juarez. He has read Mexican history in addition to making it. His supreme ambition was to inaugurate a new era of democracy in Mexico, to establish first the precedent of a President elected peacefully, completing his term, and handing over the presidency to a democratically elected successor. His attitude toward the various gubernatorial elections during his term was a continuous striving, frequently in the face of violence and fraud, to make them as nearly as possible the expression of the popular desire.

But last December his plans seemed to have gone a-glimmering, and for two months it appeared not unlikely that his administration would go down the way of so many others in Mexico before him. Disregarding his solemn promises, De La Huerta launched his candidacy and shortly after, despite his long and intimate association with Obregon and Calles in the work of Mexican reconstruction, chose to plunge his country back into the chaos of civil war. It was a reversion to the traditional

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method of settling a contest for political office, and according to precedents should have succeeded. But his cry that Obregon had been seeking to "impose" Calles fell flat in the face of the facts. Mexican labor from field and factory rallied to the support of the government, offsetting the defection of the corrupt army chiefs. President Coolidge's moral and material support of the recently recognized Mexican administration was another important factor. De La Huerta succeeded only in bringing Mexico to bankruptcy and in destroying a great part of the constructive work of the Obregon régime. Whether he could have been elected in a peaceful contest against Calles will never be known, but the fact that he resorted to arms is presumptive evidence that he believed he could not. In April Calles retired from the army to which the emergency had called him and resumed his stump speaking tour. The only other candidate remaining was General Angel Flores, who whatever his merits is not comparable to Calles as a national figure.

Critics of Mexico and her people, especially foreign observers, often stress what appears to them a difference between the reliability of their fellow-countrymen and that of Mexicans. I am not here discussing this thesis. But I want to point out that however often I have heard it applied to men in Mexican public life, I have never heard it breathed about Calles. I have listened to bitter criticism of him. I have talked with his avowed enemies. But never did one of them suggest that there was anything about Calles that was not wholly straightforward, or that there was the slightest doubt where he stood on any issue, once he had made up his mind.

His campaign declarations have rung with a definiteness rare in the politics of any country. He is frankly and wholly for the Mexican revolutionary program, — agrarian reform, general education, the bettering of the workers' economic status, — which he takes pains to explain seems highly revolutionary in Mexico, but is merely an effort to bring his country into line with the modern nations of the world.

The agrarian program of Zapata, he announced, at a recent memorial service at the grave of that chieftain, that "ownership of land is the right of any man willing to work it," was his program too. Challenged for a further interpretation, he made plain

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his belief that the obligation of the government to provide land and of the beneficiary to work it was mutual. "The man who gets his land on this basis and then refuses to work it, forfeits his right therein. It should be taken away from him," was his response.

Calles' views on the agrarian problem may be summarized as follows. Mexico has always been an agricultural country, and the Indians' habit of communal cultivation of the land around their villages was generally respected by the Spanish conquerors and repeatedly affirmed by royal decree. Under Diaz, however, these lands were swallowed by hook and by crook by various great estates, some of which swelled into millions of acres and included villages and settlements. The inhabitants, — the rightful owners of the lands thus acquired, — were forced to labor for their new landlords, and in many parts of Mexico were reduced to virtual slavery. This condition was sanctioned by the Diaz government and helped to bring about its collapse. The revolutionary agrarian program which has developed and been modified during the last ten years, provides first for the restoration of these lands. It provides that to take care of increased population where such restored area proves insufficient, further land may be expropriated from the surrounding *haciendas*, but to be paid for in government bonds at ten per cent above the assessed valuation. The landholders, resenting the loss of a relatively few acres less than the loss of their workers, and skeptical as to the value of the bonds, bitterly oppose Calles, who proposes to carry this plan forward, just as they have steadily opposed Obregon.

Part of their grievance, however, is not so much against the program itself as against the way it has been applied. Many of them complain, and with justice, that the agrarian program has been used by local politicians as a device merely to "shake them down." On the other hand many peasant communities voice a corresponding plaint, — that, despite years of promises, they have not received land to which they consider themselves entitled. Calles fully realizes these shortcomings in the execution of the gigantic agrarian readjustment. Much of this he believes, due to the corruption of local authorities, can be eliminated by centralization. He also believes that in order to make the program successful and of benefit to the whole country, the countrymen need, in addition to land, modern implements for tilling the soil,

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to replace the wooden plow now in general use, instruction in up-to-date farming methods, and the development of adequate transportation and marketing facilities. "The agrarian program is the basis of a restored Mexico," General Calles told me.

"But universal elementary education too is Mexico's crying need." Calles himself began his adult life as a school-teacher, soon became principal and later superintendent of schools in the State's capital, Hermosillo. "For centuries," he said, "Mexico's people have purposely been kept in ignorance by their rulers. If we are ever to achieve the goal of a happy, prospering, self-respecting people, if we are ever to become a true democracy, it must be on the basis of equal opportunity for all. And the groundwork of this opportunity is education."

Calles' views on education are essentially practical. "Clearly," he said, "education cannot be separated from the daily life. Merely teaching the people to read and write, while an integral part of education, is not an end in itself. Education has to be related to their livelihood and to their immediate surroundings." Calles himself achieved a noteworthy realization of his educational ideas as Governor of Sonora by establishing the famous Cruz Galvez School at Hermosillo. In this, Mexico's leading industrial school, Sonora's orphans are equipped for life in the most direct manner. They are taught a native trade, — turned out as expert craftsmen, — and with the profits from their products, which are sold extensively in the Mexican West coast, the more promising of the young graduates are sent to the United States or abroad to complete their education. Calles believes that in Mexico, with its more than eighty per cent illiteracy and its general economic backwardness, the industrial side of education needs especial emphasis.

The chief opposition to Calles comes from the Mexican conservatives, the land-holding oligarchy. They accuse him of extreme radicalism, of "Bolshevism," and this cry was taken up by De La Huerta, although what labor support the latter had was among the red syndicalist workers who scorned political action, and contemptuously dubbed Calles' labor following, the Mexican Federation of Labor adherents, as "yellows." I took pains to discuss this on more than one occasion with Calles. Usually I found that his attitude was one of mild amusement at these charges,

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but with no uncertain vigor in the restatement of his position. Summed up, this result of many conversations is approximately as follows:

"Radical? Nonsense! Radical? Yes, if the term is clearly understood. I am frankly for giving the exploited and submerged Mexican masses a new deal. I want education for all their children. I want each one to have the chance through hard work to be able to better himself materially and spiritually. Before the revolution, the Mexican worker was born a serf and couldn't become anything else. In the cities he was denied the right to organize into unions, and was shot if he attempted it. These are elementary human rights.

"Property? Of course property and capital have rights, and rights which must be protected. But in Mexico's past it was considered that property rights were the only rights. We need capital in Mexico. We want capital here. Much of our agricultural development awaits irrigation, — which requires vast sums of capital. We need roads. We need more railroads. These things cannot be had without capital. We know that capital will not come unless assured of fair treatment. As far as I am concerned it shall always have it."

In one of his recent campaign speeches he reverted to a favorite distinction of his: "We want *humane* capital in Mexico," he said. "The kind of foreign investors we want in Mexico are those who realize something of their social obligations, who are willing to share equally with the country and its people the benefits they obtain. In the past much foreign capital exploited not only our natural resources, which it had a right to do, but without conscience exploited our human resources. That capital, which paid workers starvation wages, which threw them out to die when they were crippled in its unprotected machinery, which never viewed them as human beings but as slaves, brought no advantages to Mexico. It took everything and gave nothing in return. There are ample opportunities in Mexico for capital that understands its obligations as well as its rights."

Like Obregon, Calles is hopeful of cementing binding ties of friendship between the people of the United States and of Mexico. "We earnestly desire the understanding of our problems in your country," he said, "and the coöperation of all sympathetic

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Americans. The difficulties that have arisen in the past have in part been due to misunderstanding. We have resented, and quite properly, and will always resent the interference of foreigners in our political affairs for their own selfish purposes and for objects inimical to the welfare of the Mexicans. But it is obvious that those responsible for our past difficulties have been a relatively small number of groups and individuals."

In one of his earliest campaign speeches Calles asserted, and has since repeated, that he would promise no miracles. "The problems of Mexico," he told me, "are deeply rooted in the past. They are related to our history, our racial make-up, our climate, our topography, our geographical position. They cannot be solved in a day or in a decade. I can only promise to adhere as closely as circumstances permit to the program with which for ten years or more I have been identified. My administration will have for its sole purpose the bettering of the Mexican people. That is a task that requires in many cases the laying of new foundations and of building upon them slowly and steadily, stone upon stone."

ADVICE

MacKnight Black

Rather let your jaw hang down
Like a simple minded scrubwoman's
Than hold it firm
For the getting of money.

Going about heavily
With her rags and mop,
The old woman drinks life as she may
From the broken cup of her spirit.
But the gainer and holder of many possessions
Dashes the white water
Into dust
Ridden by sullen wheels.

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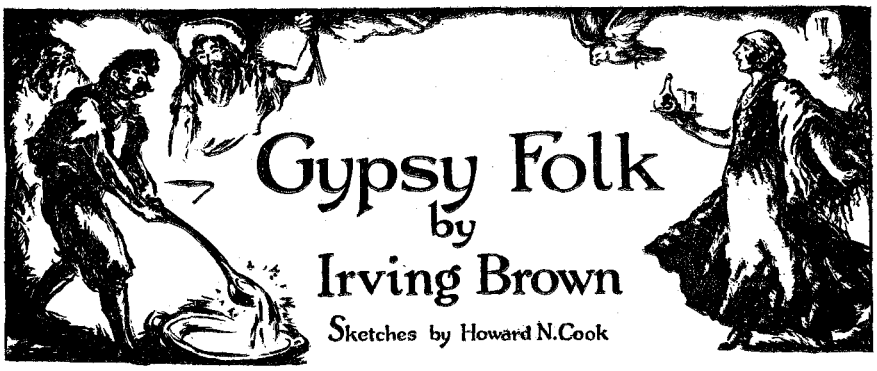

Gypsy Folk

by

Irving Brown

Sketches by Howard N. Cook

THE most picturesque sight I think I have ever seen was in the city which is usually considered the most prosaic, — the city of Pork and Grime, — Chicago. A band of Coppersmiths had installed themselves in a large vacant yard, in the district of the junk dealers, near Lake Street, within sight of the tired Suburbanites on the elevated. As I entered the enclosure, the men were at work, dressed in fantastic garb. In appearance, they were like the typical Hindu, with full wavy beards, and long black locks that fell on their shoulders. Some had Russian smocks, others red silk shirts, with innumerable plaits, and instead of coats, a sort of vest, with large silver buttons. Their trousers were voluminous, and stuffed into high leather boots. The dress of the women was no less brilliant in coloring. One of them, with a head dress made from a scarlet kerchief, from which silver coins dangled, and a necklace of ancient gold medals, came forward, on seeing me, and taking me for an easy prey, a *Gajo*, she began to beg: "Give money to buy bread. My children — hungry."

"*Daia*," I answered in Gypsy, scrutinizing one of the coins, an eighteenth century Spanish piece, "Mother, when you go begging, it's against the rule to wear a small fortune where every *Gajo* can see it." Her expression changed from blank amazement to delight. "*Rom san tu?* You are a Gypsy?" she exclaimed, and invited me to stay to dinner, which proved a sumptuous meal, as Gypsy meals go, served on a silver tray.

The anvils at which the men were working were of a form as old as the Iron Age. They were made with a base that could be driven into the ground, so that any chance field might be changed

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to a smithy. The hammers and bellows, too, were of their own age-old pattern. A hollow in the ground was their forge, and in it an enormous copper vat was taking on wondrous tints of purple, red, and green, under the heat. Though their tools were primitive, they were working on a job which no one in Chicago was willing to attempt, according to the man for whom it was being done, a manufacturer, who was there watching them, and urging them to hurry, as part of his large plant was being held up until it was done. At night particularly it was fascinating to watch them work, in the glare of the flaming forge, with Rembrandtesque effect of light and shade.

They had traveled over all Europe, and had made a great deal of money. Even the young boys could speak five or six languages, imperfectly, but fluently. I found a newspaper article on these same Gypsies. It told that when they first landed in the United States, the immigration authorities, looking askance at their lack of baggage, except for what they had tied up in quilts, were going to deport them as paupers, until they showed thousands of dollars in gold; whereupon they decided to deport them as undesirables, thinking that so much money must have been stolen.

In Chicago they were camping in a house. But quite in the traditional style, with no furnishings but featherbeds and cushions, and a table with legs sawed off within a foot of the ground. They squatted on the floor, around a wide silver eating tray on which all the food was placed. As in the Orient, and at picnics, fingers were the chief table ware. In one corner, however, was a handsome samovar of antique form, and on the walls were drapes of gaily-colored cloth.

A few years later, I found a type of Gypsy which forms a link between the Nomads and the Coppersmiths. I was walking down Mott Street in New York, where Little Naples blends with Little Canton or Shanghai, looking for local color, when just in front of me I spied the gay garments of a Gypsy woman. I followed her into a hallway, and saw her disappear through a door in the rear. I entered without knocking, for whether because of their custom of living in tents, or whether because they are like one big family, a true Gypsy seldom does. A knock at the door, the ring of the bell, usually means a policeman, a truant officer, or some other interfering *Gajo*, and prepares for a poor welcome.

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The room was bare, except for the heap of red featherbeds in one corner, an Ikon in another, and a stove in the center, on which a huge kettle was bubbling, giving out a savory odor of chicken, rice, peppers, and herbs. The woman was alone, but soon the others returned for dinner, — meal hours are whenever anyone feels like preparing anything. The *khaini* was done. A huge round tray of hammered copper was placed on the floor with pieces of bread. There were eight or nine of us, and only two plates, three spoons, and one fork. The kettle was placed on the tray and each one helped himself, and ate with his fingers. The method was messy, but the chicken excellent.

A gallon jug of red wine was brought from a neighboring *Italianitso birto*. Raising his glass in the direction of the Ikon, one of the Romanies made the sign of the cross. "*Kames mol?* Do you like wine?" the father asked one of the girls, a radiant creature with an expression that any actress would have envied.

"*Me čumidavle!* I kiss it!" she cried.

From time to time other Gypsies dropped in and joined the circle around the tray. The wide world over, in all ranks of society, there are few pleasures as enjoyable as a dinner party; but with most of us they are elaborate affairs that we half dread because of the trouble they involve in advance. Not so with the Gypsies. "Take pot luck," is not a mere phrase. Scarcely a meal is eaten among the Coppersmiths or Nomads without guests. And the best of breaking bread together is that it is one of the few pleasures that never pall. A melon from a pushcart at the door furnished the dessert. As the smiling mother divided it, with a wicked looking clasp-knife, which she took from her bosom, she kissed each piece. "*Gugli*. It is sweet," she said, handing them to us. Sweet it was indeed, sweet with Romany kindness.

After dinner, Uncle Yanši told a wonder tale. He was an elderly Gypsy, with bare feet and legs protruding from wide linen trousers, as wide as skirts. This part of his costume was, like his name, Hungarian, but his shirt was a genuine Gypsy *gad*, with wide orange and green plaits, and a large whirligig pattern. Yanši was capable of making a good living, either as a musician or a coppersmith, but preferred to let his wife support him by telling fortunes. His real calling was that of a teller of tales. Such marvels as he could relate: giant birds that carried men on their

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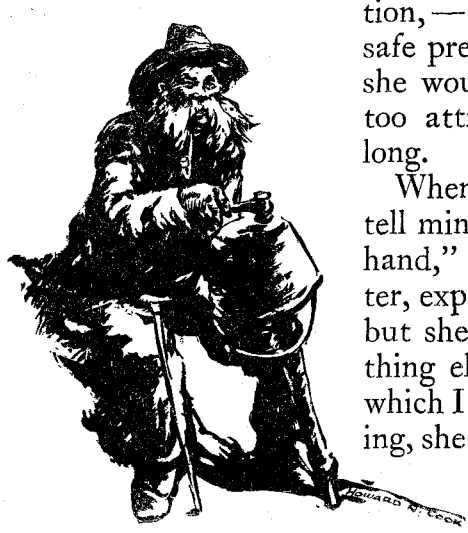
backs to far-off lands and told them of dazzling treasures: To him, as to the little children that listened open-eyed, the miracles of man that rose about them in the city, where humanity has triumphed over nature, were either uninteresting, mere things, lifeless and dull, or unbelievable. And sometimes I wonder myself if there is not more human truth in a fairy tale than in a statistical chart. Both are symbolic.

In the course of the conversation, I was asked if I was not married; and considerable surprise was expressed when I replied in the negative. "How do you live then?" I told them I was a professor, which in certain classes of society invariably means a male fortune teller, a runner of a "mit-joint." Asked by a Gypsy girl, Rosa, to display my talent I answered that I could not tell a true fortune for less than five dollars — in advance. I thought I could get out of it in that manner. But, to my surprise, she put a five dollar bill in my hand and held out her own for a reading. There was nothing to do but to go ahead. I pocketed the five dollars and took the hand, a beautiful hand, with long tapering fingers and rosy palms, the hand of an artist and a high spirited young creature, pulsing with life. "Am I married?" she asked. Guessing from the question that she was not, I replied, "No."

"Have I ever been?" As she was fully twenty, I knew it was safe to say, "Yes." Having been successful as to past and present, it was easy to tell the future, at least without fear of contradiction, — for the moment. I made several safe predictions, one of which was that she would marry again soon. She was too attractive to remain a widow for long.



When I had finished, she offered to tell mine. "Put a piece of silver in my hand," she insisted. I gave her a quarter, expecting she would insist on more, but she did not. Her game was something else. After reading my thoughts, which I was having difficulty in concealing, she promised to say a charm which would bring me happiness. Mumbling some meaningless

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words, she took my hand in both hers, and held it first to the left side of her bosom so that I could feel her heart beat, and then to the right. Next she held it to the left and right side of her waist. The performance was repeated on myself in the same four places, with our joined hands. She doubtless could have felt that my own heart was beating at a somewhat exhilarated rate. A few minutes later, when I put my hand in my vest pocket to give her back the five dollars she had given me, I found that she had spared me the pains, and had also saved me the trouble of getting rid of a few bills that were in my other vest pockets. She laughed when I discovered the loss, and returned me the money. "You are fairly good at *drabarimus*, fortune telling," she said, "but I am much better." I was forced to agree.

"*Daia*, Mother!" called a little girl of two, who already was a miniature of the mother, with shreds of red silk braided into her black tresses, with her seductive smile, and her flashing eyes, born to fascinate. Observing the admiration in my glance, Rosa told me the story of the child. "She was born soon after my husband died," she said. "I was in camp with my father's people, and had gone a quarter of a mile from the tent to get some water. I was bending down by the spring, when all at once I heard a cry and there was the baby lying on the grass. I had been carrying some string and a pair of scissors with me, and knew just what to do, — the *purya*, the old women, tell us. And then I picked it up and carried it in my apron back to camp, laughing.

"When I got there the *purya* made me lie down. Some *Gaje* came along and asked my father what was the matter. He told them and they said he must get a doctor. 'What for?' my father asked. 'Maybe she'll die if you don't,' they said. So he sent for a doctor. When he came, he just touched me on the shoulder and said, 'Five dollars, please.'"

After chatting a while longer, Yansi finally said, "I must get to work. Are you coming with me?" I followed him to a garage where he kept his *mobile*. I got in beside him, and we set out through the East Side in his Packard to collect copper kettles and pans to mend.

"Why aren't you married?" Yanši asked me point blank.

"I haven't enough money," I answered.

"That needn't worry you. My daughter Rosa is a widow and

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has a child. She is twenty-two already. You see I am telling you the truth. You can have her cheap, four hundred dollars." As I did not answer at once, he proceeded to enumerate her good qualities. "She can tell fortunes and *čorel misto*, she steals well, as you have seen. If you work too, you will make plenty of money, but if you don't like to, she will support you. You are a *Rom* and you know how it is with us."

I have frequently been asked if the Gypsy race is not dying out; and I have heard both Gypsies and *Gaje* claim that it is. But in spite of decay and changes here and there, it is my belief that the race as a whole is not on the decline. They are perhaps the one primitive people whom contact with civilization has failed to exterminate. Love of children, love between the sexes, confined though it is by strict custom, and what amounts, among the Nomads, to the virtual selling of wives, and love among members of the race, combined with splendid health and stamina, keep them going. Their lives are a constant struggle that keeps them fit.

Perhaps after our lightning-like civilization has burned itself out, the Gypsy caravans will wind their way past crumbling skeletons of towering buildings. The Gypsy, following the ever westward march of man will then return to his native land, unchanged. The poet's prophecy will be fulfilled:

Only the hearthstone of old India
Will end the endless march of gypsy feet.

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OUR NEGLECTED CROWN COLONY

ARTHUR WARNER

SIX days before we went into the war we bought three islands in the Caribbean. We gave them a rear-admiral as Governor, but we seem to have denied them many blessings of our traditional liberty, including citizenship. Economically they are worse off than they were under Danish rule. By extending the Volstead act to the Virgin Islands we have sapped their commerce, and by imposing on them our quarantine regulations we have hampered their activity as a coaling station for passing merchant ships.

YES, we have a Crown colony. At least the Virgin Islands of the United States are as nearly that as is possible for a nation which has no Crown and tries to believe that it has nothing corresponding to a colony. The Danish West Indies, as they were formerly known, were transferred to American sovereignty only six days before we entered the European War. Naturally there was little time in the weeks that followed to ponder greatly the welfare of three little islands at the northeastern corner of the Caribbean. It was the fashion then to put all power in the hands of the President. So Congress passed an act of only one thousand words (its brevity was its greatest merit) to provide a "temporary government" for the new territory. "Except as hereinafter provided [and nothing of consequence was "hereinafter provided"] all military, civil, and judicial powers" were given to the President, to be exercised by a Governor or other officers of the President's selection, acting under the President's direction, and paid in accordance with his judgment. A tolerably sweeping mandate!

Had it been some other time and some other President (say Andrew Jackson or Colonel Roosevelt) our Chief Executive might have been tempted to play a bit with such authority and such a principality. Mr. Wilson picked out a rear admiral as Governor, and left the opportunity to him and other officers of the Navy, possibly on the theory that only men with wide experience in roaming the Seven Seas would know enough of the whereabouts of the Virgin Islands to determine whether to start for their new field of activity from New York, San Francisco, or a port of the Great Lakes.

Having thus established our Crown colony, official Washington turned to other matters, — and has scarcely returned since.

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The war and its preoccupations ended in 1918, but the "temporary government" set up by the thousand-word act survives, and naval officers still walk the quarter deck of the Virgin Islands. Meanwhile affairs have gone badly for the natives both politically and economically. With American occupation they expected (all too ingenuously perhaps) some of the blessings of our traditional liberty and democracy through self-government. Nothing of the sort has come to them. They have not even been recognized as citizens of the United States. Only about one in twenty-five of them has a vote, owing to a continuance of the archaic Danish property restriction of the suffrage.

Worse still has been the economic history since American occupation. Three years of drought in succession withered the sugar fields and famished the cattle, while St. Thomas, the chief city of the islands, which subsists on the commerce of its harbor, has seen its trade dwindle and decay. It would be assigning exaggerated powers even to Uncle Sam to hold him guilty of the drought, and American occupation has been only partially responsible for St. Thomas' loss of shipping. But there is a responsibility in both cases. Uncle Sam may not be able to draw water from the sky, but he might do so from the earth. Artesian water, if obtainable, is all that is needed to make the sugar-cane green and succulent and the cattle sleek and content. The United States certainly owes it to the islands to spend the few thousand dollars necessary for trial borings.

In regard to the decadent shipping of St. Thomas the United States has not been merely indifferent, — it has been positively harmful. With a sweeping gesture of uniformity, Congress has extended to the islands several Federal laws drawn with an eye on continental America, not necessarily applicable to a group of tropical islands in another environment and with a different history. What the Virgin Islanders view as the most serious of these Federal incursions occurred in 1921 when by special act the Volstead law was extended to the region. They complain that Congress seized the very moment when the sugar growers were hard hit by drought and low prices to strip their pockets further by preventing the use of the otherwise worthless molasses in the manufacture of the long-famous Santa Cruz rum. Also the extension of the Volstead act to the Virgin Islands (it has not been

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applied to the Philippines) sapped the commerce of St. Thomas just when it needed every bit of sustenance it could get to offset the post-war slump in shipping. St. Thomas, which had long been a clearing house for liquor shipments to and from the West Indian islands, was obliged to abandon this trade, while tourist and other vessels had to turn elsewhere.

Almost equally disastrous to the commerce of St. Thomas was the extension to the islands of the federal quarantine law with the regulation that no ship shall be visited for health inspection between sunset and sunrise. In Danish days a ship could get a health inspection at any hour of the day or night. The withdrawal of this privilege has undoubtedly led ships intending to coal at St. Thomas, but arriving after sundown, to go on to another port rather than wait until morning.

The net result of American occupation of the Virgin Islands has been disillusion and disappointment politically for the natives, to which has been added the discontent and dismay begotten of unemployment and hunger. Into a trio of islands glorying in an almost ideal climate, eloquent in natural beauties, and hitherto prosperous enough to make life sweet in a simple way has come the sting of want. Into the spirits of a people normally light-hearted and careless of the morrow has come a shadow of gloom and fear.

Where and what are the Virgin Islands? Since some readers must have been asking this from the beginning, it is only fair to explain that the Virgin group lies some forty miles east of Porto Rico where the fringe of islands that hems the Caribbean makes almost a right-angled turn separating the Greater from the Lesser Antilles. Some of the Virgin Islands are British, but the largest three, — St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix, — have been American territory since we paid Denmark $25,000,000 for them seven years ago, partly to prevent the possibility of Germany's getting them and partly because of a belief that the harbor of St. Thomas had great value as a naval station on the European water lane to the Panama Canal. Both these reasons look like rather grim jokes now. Germany was not acquiring much foreign territory in the spring of 1917, when the United States finally took over the group; also St. Thomas is wholly dependent for fresh water upon its scanty rainfall. Hence the supply is

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insufficient to make the harbor a practical naval base. As the United States had had a consular representative in St. Thomas for many years previous to the purchase, the deficient water supply had presumably been reported to the State Department, but with the cheerful lack of coördination that exists among our government branches the knowledge seems to have come to the Navy only when it sought to develop the harbor for its use. The industrial poverty of the islands makes it impossible to raise taxes enough in them to support the government, and more than half of their expenses are borne by Congressional appropriation. But the islands are ours; likewise responsibility for their 26,000 inhabitants, nine-tenths of whom are partly or wholly Negro.

The visitor to St. Thomas goes usually to an historic hotel facing the harbor. His stay there is typical of the condition of the islands, — a continual contrast between ancient glories and present-day decay. The hotel is truly palatial in proportions. The rooms, with ceilings twenty feet high and furnished with huge mahogany four-posters, are large enough to swallow a whole New York City apartment and yawn for more, while there is a ballroom spacious enough for five hundred dancers. But one discovers that the mattresses on the four-posters are hilly as a New Hampshire farm and hard as the sands of Sahara. One finds that there are no dances in the ballroom; that the shower baths don't shower and the waiters don't wait. The dining room is an open veranda on the second floor from which one looks out across the perennial green of Emancipation Park upon the waters of the harbor, shimmering blue and purple under a tropic sun. Little birds flit about the dining tables, hopping on the bread plates beside the guests and nonchalantly helping themselves. It is a wholly delightful dining room, — except for the difficulty of getting something to eat. To do that one must follow the example of the birds, — hop around and help oneself.

As the visitor goes out from the hotel about the streets he sees the same pathetic contrast between past and present. The main highway is lined with stores built by the prosperous merchants of fifty to a hundred years ago. These stores are of prodigious size, running back to wharves of their own on the harbor front. One enters and looks down their quiet, dark recesses, seeing in the distance a bookkeeper, possibly one or two clerks, but rarely a

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customer. The city of St. Thomas numbers nearly 8,000 persons, the great proportion of the inhabitants of the island, but one sees no manufacturing, no building, no trade, and only an occasional steamship in the harbor. Back of the city and around it rise the mountains, beautiful but dry, rocky, and forbidding to the farmer. St. Thomas does not raise even enough vegetables and fruit for its own use, importing most of its supply from the nearby British island of Tortola.

Going, going, gone is the glory of St. Thomas as a port, and with it the living of the inhabitants. In 1914 eight transatlantic steamship lines were making St. Thomas a regular port of call; only one does so now. When the steamship began to displace the sailing vessel, and the time of voyages was thereby reduced, St. Thomas became less necessary as a port in which to obtain supplies. This was the harbor's first blow. But the port took up the business of supplying coal to steamships and flourished until the increasing size of vessels made it possible to carry more fuel and coaling stations thus became less important. Along with this arrived the use of oil instead of coal. A hundred or more laborers are needed to coal a ship; its oil tanks can be replenished by turning a faucet. In 1912 St. Thomas imported 123,429 tons of coal, — virtually all for resale to steamships. Ten years later, in 1922, the amount fell to 11,515 tons. Then came the wireless. Hitherto many vessels had been sent to St. Thomas "for orders." That is, they were sent out before their destination was decided upon, with instructions to put in at St. Thomas and there await further word by cable. The possibility of telegraphic communication at sea has made this largely unnecessary. Finally came the American occupation, with prohibition and annoying quarantine regulations, — a solar-plexus blow which toppled St. Thomas over the ropes.

It must be admitted that the St. Thomians themselves had a share in injuring the port. There has been a tendency to kill the goose that laid the golden egg. The Ship Brokers' Association has been cynically referred to as the Ship Breakers' Association, not altogether without justification. There is a story of a merchant in the golden days who noticed that one of the hams in his stock was gone but not accounted for. He asked the clerk to whom it had been sold. The latter confessed that there were many ships in the

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harbor and that among numerous customers he had forgotten to whom the ham had gone.

"Very well," said the merchant. "Charge one ham to every ship in port."

Except for the harbor there seems to be no ready means by which the town and island of St. Thomas can live. There is a "back to the land" movement now among the natives, but the most that can be expected is that the island may come to raise enough vegetables and fruit for its own needs. There is no hope of an export trade. The cheapness of labor in St. Thomas would seem to make it a good strategic location for American manufacturing enterprises making small articles that require a large amount of hand work and are not so bulky as to make transportation charges too heavy an item. But this is only a possibility of the future dependent upon outside capital and initiative.

So much for the island of St. Thomas. Its neighbor St. John, separated by only a mile or so at the nearest point, may be dismissed in a paragraph. St. John, although having an area of twenty square miles, has fewer than a thousand inhabitants. It is a hermit's paradise, for it has no telephones, no roads, and no automobiles. The people fish and farm a little for their own needs; they produce virtually nothing for sale except charcoal and oil from the leaf of the bay tree. St. Thomas is the market for both the charcoal and the oil, the latter going into the manufacture of the celebrated Virgin Island bay rum.

Thirty miles to the south of St. Thomas and St. John is St. Croix, the third and largest island of the group. Its mountains are less high and less steep than those of its sisters; its job is agriculture. Sugar-cane is the chief crop, with cotton and cattle trailing behind. Drought is the deadly scourge of St. Croix, and after three seasons of it the planters are disheartened and the life of the St. Croix field laborer, always a meagre one, is now more tragic than ever. Wages have fallen to forty cents a day for a first-class worker, and twenty or twenty-five cents for a second-class laborer. Even at these rates, hundreds are without work except in the busiest parts of the planting and harvesting seasons. The legs and feet of scores of workers are swollen with elephantiasis, while others are unable any longer to get about from the effects of the disease.

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How do men and women live on twenty to forty cents a day in a country where food and clothing cost as much on the average as in the United States? The worker has his house free, or at least what passes for such. It is usually only one room for the entire family. Every plantation has its workers' village where the laborer lives in most primitive and frequently most unhealthful fashion. Although his house is free, he can be dispossessed upon three days' notice, so that his tenure is always dependent upon his employer. At the most he eats two meals a day, and often counts himself lucky to get one. The chief food is "fungee" (or "fungi"), a porridge of cornmeal, and what is known as "tea" (in reality a beverage of water and sugar). The Red Cross in St. Croix estimates that fifty cents keep alive a family of five for a week, and there is considerable murmuring, both among plantation owners and workers, over the "extravagant" way in which the government poor farm is conducted, where an average of twenty-one cents a day for each inmate was spent for food in 1922.

It is an unhappy impression that one carries away from the Virgin Islands, — a picture of economic decadence and political insufficiency. Economic reconstruction will be difficult; politically the islands present a simpler problem. The first and fundamental necessity is to confer American citizenship upon the inhabitants and establish a civilian government as a substitute for the existing naval régime. Porto Rico was kept under military government only eighteen months, although in that case we were dealing with a people who spoke a foreign language and an island that had come to us as a result of war.

The naval government of the Virgin Islands is tempered with a civilian judicial system, and the legislative bodies set up by the Danes are still allowed to function, but their powers are slight and they are dominated by the Governor. Indeed Governor Kittelle dissolved the legislative body of St. Thomas in the summer of 1922 because it refused to approve a bill giving him power to discharge judges. Furthermore, the naval régime is not willing to tolerate a free press, and has recently embarked upon a policy intended to stifle effective criticism of its acts. Two natives have been sentenced to jail for contempt of court based upon editorial utterances, while two alien editors have been deported.

There has been some good constructive work in the islands

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under American occupation. The extension and betterment of the schools is probably the principal achievement, and it is significant that this has been done under civilian direction. But the Navy itself has something to its credit. It has improved the sanitation and established hospital services which the people appreciate. This is work for which the Navy is able to supply experts. It is not able to supply trained industrialists, which is what the island of St. Thomas wants, or scientific agriculturists, of which St. Croix stands in need. By its aloof and autocratic ways the Navy has unfortunately forfeited the good-will and coöperation of the natives and all but lost their confidence in the democracy and justice of the United States. It has introduced the color line into a population where it was previously unknown, whereas in Porto Rico race discrimination has been practically avoided. As one Virgin Islander pathetically put it: "We never knew we *were* niggers under the Danes."

While human nature remains what Adam, — assisted by Eve and the serpent, — made it, there will be no recommendation for a civilian government from the naval officers in control of the Virgin Islands, for this would mean their withdrawal in an era when the Navy wants to exhibit the greatest possible usefulness in order to preserve its size and its appropriation. Congress must act upon its own initiative. By giving American citizenship and a civilian government to the Virgin Islands it can still turn disaffection into good-will; it can recapture the confidence of a people willing to meet more than half way any administration animated with sympathy, helpfulness, and friendship.

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A RICH FOLKS' CHILD

Ends of Things — Part One

MARY DIXON THAYER

YOU cannot remember your father but you know, very well, what he was like. Haven't you seen pictures of him always, everywhere? There is the picture of him as a little boy. He is sitting on somebody's front steps, laughing. He has on a funny, round hat, and he has curls. Lovely curls. Your hair is straight.

Then there is the picture of him at school. He is important looking, and solemn. And there is the picture of him at College. In that picture his legs are going out in front of him, and his feet are very big. Then there is the picture that sits on Mother's table. In that one he is grown up to be old, and he has a beard. You know him very well. You know him as well as if you remembered him.

Mother is sick. She is in the big bed in the Spare Room. There is a Trained Nurse. She is fat, and walks with little steps, and tells you stories. You wish that you, too, could be sick. It would be fun to lie down, like Mother, all day. You could wear lacy things over your nightgown, and have ice cream, and Miss Carter would sit beside you, and tell stories. You do not feel sorry for Mother.

You can only see her for a little while every day. Miss Carter comes walking with her little steps and calls you, and you run in from the garden where you are making pies out of leaves, chopped up. Miss Carter takes your hand and you go upstairs to Mother's room. You have to be very quiet. You have to tell Mother softly about things you have been doing. You have to tell her about the rabbit under the porch, and about the pies you have been making, and everything.

Miss Carter opens Mother's door and says "May we come in?" And you see Mother lying down with lacy things around her, and her hands playing with each other. There is sun jumping through the windows, and there is the smell of roses. There is a little table with bottles on it beside Mother's bed.

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Mother turns around ever so little, and smiles. Then you kiss her the way Miss Carter says you have to do it, and you sit down and begin to tell her about the things you have been doing. There are ever so many things! You have to talk very fast. Miss Carter will take you away before you are nearly finished. When you stop for a second, to breathe, Mother says "Yes, darling . . . go on . . . go on. . . ." Her voice sounds queer.

You hurry to tell her about the flowers in the garden that have opened themselves, and about the rats that John has caught, and about the letter Bridget got from her brother who lives in Ireland, and about what you had for lunch, and . . . oh dear! There is Miss Carter, and she is saying "Doesn't this little girl think that she has paid a long enough visit?" And you have to kiss Mother again in that horrid, careful way, and go out of the door, and hear it shut up, ever so carefully, behind you.

You stand still for a minute in the hall. You hope they will call you back. You listen to hear what they are saying about you. You wonder why Miss Carter doesn't tell Mother stories. But there is never any sound — not the tiniest, tiniest sound — except the swishy noise of Miss Carter's dress, and the noise of her little steps.

You run down the stairs and out into the world. Out into the lovely, playing sun. Why does Miss Carter chase you away from Mother? Why doesn't Mother call you back? You wish Mother wasn't sick, after all. You wish that she would hug you up to her the way she used to do — until you screamed, and she laughed, and you were happy.

Now are new, careful kisses, and Mother smiling but never laughing, and the long look in her eyes whenever she says "good-night."

One day you have to go out of Mother's room suddenly. And you have been telling her about lovely things. And you have lots more to tell. But you have to go. Miss Carter makes you. You go. Why can you not stay and talk to Mother? Why?

Big, lazy butterflies are in the garden. Flowers hold up flat faces, and make bows. The world is all full of little things. You lie down on the grass and hate Miss Carter.

After a while Miss Carter comes out on the porch. She is mak-

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ing signs. You run up to her. But Miss Carter shuts you up in her white arms, and she says, "Listen, little Marian . . . your Mother has gone away. . . ."

Solemn people come to your house. People dressed up in black clothes. They take quiet steps, and sigh. People look at you. You have to go to bed early. You cannot say goodnight to Mother. You cannot go into Mother's room at all. But Strange People go in. You listen to Strange People talking. You try to understand things they say.

One morning Mary puts you into your white dress — the one that has lace on the collar. She puts you into your coat, and your old straw hat. Where are you going? Why can't you wear your new red hat? Why can't you ask Mother about it?

But you have to do what Mary says. You have to go downstairs and wait for somebody. You have to be very quiet. All the world has been quiet, forever. All the world has Strange People in it who take quiet steps, and sigh.

You go downstairs. You hear people in Mother's room. You hear something heavy, bumping. You hear Strange People talking. Suddenly Mother's door comes open. Quiet footsteps go on. Then things stop. Then a man says "Take the other end . . . ready?" And at the top of the stairs come six big men. They are carrying a long, black box. They come down the stairs. They do not see you. You squeeze against the wall. You wait. What is happening?

The men get close. The box looks heavy. It is very new. It has shiny nails, along the top. The men go by. The box hits against the bottom step. One of the men says "Careful — you'll scratch the paint. . . ." They go by.

People come after them. Aunt Agatha, Uncle Edward, Miss Carter, and Strange People. Aunt Agatha says "Where's Marian?" And you get up, and Aunt Agatha says "Gracious! Where were you?" And you climb into a waggon, and drive away.

You get out at a Church, with Aunt Agatha. The Church is all full of Strange People. There are people singing Mother's songs. There are flowers around, and little boys in long, black dresses, with happy faces. They are setting fire to candles, in a hurry.

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Suddenly things get quiet. The Strange People stand up and turn around, and you see one of the little happy-faced boys coming slowly, up the Church, with a big cross. Behind him come the six big men, with the box. People sing. The box goes by.

You are scared. You catch hold of Aunt Agatha's dress. You whisper "Is it Mother . . . in the box?"

But Aunt Agatha makes a frown. And the people go on singing.

After that, everything is different. Miss Carter goes away. And Mary. And Bridget. The house where you have lived forever — the little house with the windows in funny places, and the thin trees stooping over it — it is sold to Strange People, and all the things inside of it are piled up into waggons and taken away to Aunt Agatha's. All the beautiful pictures that you loved — the picture that stayed over your bed of a little girl (or a boy — you never knew just which) saying prayers beside a candle in a very big, dim room; and the picture of Father riding a queer, topply bicycle, and the picture of the little black dog that Mother gave you for being good, but that was run over by the ice-waggon; and the picture of far-off mountains that hung over the piano — they are all squeezed into boxes and piled in Aunt Agatha's attic.

You ask if you may keep out the picture of the little black dog? But Aunt Agatha puts her lips together the way she does if she is mad, and says "That is a whim, Marian. I cannot give in to whims." And Uncle Edward says "Well, but — if she really wants the thing, Agatha . . . ?" And Aunt Agatha says "That's right, Edward. Go on. Take the child's part. Of course. I might have known. . . ." And Aunt Agatha walks out of the room. And the picture of the little black dog is wrapped around in newspapers, and carried away to the loft.

Aunt Agatha's house is very big. There is a hall as big, almost, as all of Mother's house. And there are big rooms going out of it. There is a Playroom where nobody ever plays, and a Library with windows like doors, and a Parlor that has looking-glasses in it, and gold chairs and tables, and vases in queer shapes, and little, twisted up statues, and books with their insides stuck together.

The Dining-room has a shape like an egg. Its door is made of velvet. It has big windows, and through the windows you can see crooked branches of trees, and leaves making shadows. There is a

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fireplace in the Dining-room but you can't make fires in it. It has to look clean and shiny. Aunt Agatha is mad if you throw things into the fireplace in the Dining-room. She calls things you throw into it "Truck."

On the mantlepiece are two little Japanese ladies, and a squatty clock. You love the little Japanese ladies. One of them has on a blue dress with a lovely yellow belt. They both have shiny hair, and pink teeth, and silly feet. They have to stand all day and hold up little fans. They are very prim. Maybe they don't like the way you do.

Every morning, Uncle Edward goes somewhere to Work. He doesn't come back till you are eating supper. Then he stops in and talks to you, in the Nursery, on his way to Aunt Agatha's room.

Every morning, you and Uncle Edward have breakfast together. Aunt Agatha stays in bed to have hers. You like having breakfast with Uncle Edward. You can talk about things. If it is warm enough, the windows in the Dining-room are open. There are wind feelings around, and the noise of birds out in the world. You give Uncle Edward a kiss, and you sit down on the other side of the big table, and you make coffee for him. Jacob helps. At first you are afraid of Jacob. It is queer to have a man — a live man — carrying little plates and things around, and doing whatever he is told. But Jacob is nice. He calls you Miss Marian. He knows that you are old.

It is fun making coffee. When you spill a little — and you almost always do — Uncle Edward doesn't care. He says "Well now, young lady!" And that doesn't mean anything.

Then you talk. Uncle Edward fixes your egg for you, and sits back and watches you eat it, and he says "What's on for today, Marian?" And you tell him, making up the things as you go. Uncle Edward listens. He pats the table with his eyeglasses, and half shuts up his eyes, and listens. He says "You don't mind playing alone, Marian? You tell yourself stories, do you? Who's the Lady Who Never Was? . . ."

He asks you that, one morning, when you are telling him about the people that you love, the queer people who are always around you, talking to you, playing with you, but that nobody can ever see. You can't explain about the Lady Who Never Was. Real

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people wouldn't understand about her. You say "Oh, I don't know . . . she's a sort of a make believe person. . . ."

Aunt Agatha and Uncle Edward begin to talk about Mademoiselles. You listen. You wonder about Mademoiselles. You have never seen one. Would they give you baths? You hate Strange People who give you baths.

You remember the first time that Mary gave you your bath in the little room in Mother's house — the room with the slanty roof, and squeaky floor, and the bathtub painted blue. Till that night Mother had always given you your baths. You would go upstairs, and start. That meant getting undressed, and putting on your fuzzy wrapper, and making your hair stay on the top of your head. Then you went out into the hall and leaned over the banisters and called "Ready!"

Then Mother would come up, and make hot water arrive in the bathtub. The water was lovely. It was much prettier than the water in Aunt Agatha's white bathtubs. It was the beautifullest color!

You stood up beside the tub and looked into it, and loved the blue water. Mother would say "In you go!" And you let the fuzzy wrapper drop in a little pile on the floor, and you gave a jump and — splash! You would be sitting in the blue water with little hot waves squirming around your neck, and Mother scrubbing you all over and making shivers and tickles go down your back.

Then you could turn over on your stomach and kick up your legs, and make the water splash all around till Mother screamed and caught hold of you by your toes, and made you stop. The blue water would be fizzling and flopping all over the place. If you wanted to, you could shut your eyes and make believe you were swimming in an ocean. The ocean didn't have any sides, and it had waves that went upsetting, forever. But at last you had to get out. It was fun, though, having baths with Mother. Mary never let you have fun. She made you sit up, very straight, in the tub, while she scrubbled you where you weren't dirty, and Mary wouldn't let you make splashes, and she wouldn't laugh, when you did.

Do Mademoiselles give baths? Aunt Agatha thinks that

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Mademoiselles are nice, and Uncle Edward isn't sure. But one day a Mademoiselle arrives.

You are playing out in the garden. A waggon comes up to the door, and a lady gets out. The waggon goes away. The lady walks up the steps. You know, right away, that the lady is a Mademoiselle.

Jacob opens the door. You run up and peek in the Parlor window. Aunt Agatha is sitting in there. She makes nods with her head to Jacob, and the Mademoiselle goes in. Mademoiselles look like anybody else. Pretty soon Aunt Agatha calls you. You go in. Aunt Agatha says "Marian, this is Mademoiselle." And the Mademoiselle gives you pats, and says "Ah . . . the little Marianne. We are good friends . . . the little Marianne . . . not?" And you see that Mademoiselles have two long hairs on their chins.

Mademoiselles live on top floors, near the servants. You take her up there, along dark places. Before Aunt Agatha got thinking about Mademoiselles, the room they have to live in was a Store-room. It was full of boxes, and beds upside down, and pictures you couldn't have. But now it is all fixed. Mademoiselles like their rooms. You show her the picture that has angels in it, and that Aunt Agatha hung up over her bed because Mademoiselles are Pay Pists, and Mademoiselles cry "We! We! It is beautiful! I love angel pictures . . . do not you?"

But you tell her you like pictures of little dogs.

Mademoiselles do not give you baths. They sit and watch you take them. Mademoiselles make you wash necks and ears, but they don't care if you forget other parts. You hardly ever have to wash your feet.

The Strange People that are in Mother's house have a little girl and a little boy. The little girl's name is Sarah. She is fat, and has brown dresses. Around her stomach goes a brown belt. She has long hair tied up with a big bow. She is older than you are.

The little boy's name is Spencer. You can call him Spence. On Sundays he has a collar that looks like your porridge bowl turned upside down and put over his neck. He has yellow hair and a little red mouth. When he talks, he gets excited. He can invent games.

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On nice afternoons you can go down the road, and out Aunt Agatha's gate, and along Main Street to Mother's house. But when you arrive, Mother isn't there. There are only the Strange People. The mother of Sarah and Spence is a tall lady with a white face. She wears beautiful clothes. She sits all day on the porch where Mother used to sit, and thinks.

The father of Sarah and Spence is not like yours. He is not dead. He is strong and ugly, and he laughs at little things. You can hear him laughing a long ways off. It is fun to have Sarah and Spence to play with. Spence goes to School. He brings back boys to play, and you can have games of Hide-and-seek, and Robbers, and any old thing. You can run as fast as most of the boys, and you are taller than any of them. Sarah cannot run fast, and if the boys tease her, she cries. Her face gets very red, and tears come out of it, and Mademoiselle comes running.

Once you are playing Hide-and-seek. You rush away up to the Hayloft. It is lovely up there. There are pigeons making sleepy sounds, and the hay goes up in hills. There are blue tunnels between the hills and the walls. There is a nice smell. You lie down in the hay, and shut your eyes, and make believe things. Little noises happen all around. A pigeon comes, and you see that he has pointed wings.

Suddenly, the loft door opens. Spence comes in. When he sees you, he laughs. He comes and sits down beside you. He says "They'll never find us here, will they?" And you say "No. Isn't it fun?"

Spence sits up very straight, and pushes back his hair, and does not look at you, and says "Oh Marian . . . I love you!"

You feel differently at night, than in the daytime. In the daytime you can run, and play games, and scream. There are a million things to do. There are a million things to see. In the daytime there are flowers, and trees, and butterflies, and worms, and holes in the ground, and clouds. . . .

In the night-time there are only feelings, and dark places. You have to stay in bed and think. If there is wind, it is black. If there are stars, you cannot play with them. It is quiet, and you do not understand anything. You lie awake and wonder. . . .

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Why are people alive? Why are people dead? Where do people come from? Where do people go? How do people happen? You lie awake and wonder, and the Lady Who Never Was, comes. She comes softly, and listens to your thoughts. You know that she is beautiful. She looks at you, and you cannot look at her. She touches you, and you cannot touch her. She tells you things, but you don't know the sound of her voice.

Mademoiselle kisses you goodnight, in her quick way, and goes. You lie down in bed and listen, and wait. The room is full of dark places. Shadows flop against things. The windows are open. Down on the porch are Aunt Agatha and Uncle Edward. You can hear them talking, but you don't care what about. You are waiting . . . suddenly you have a new thought. In a hundred years nobody — not Aunt Agatha, or Uncle Edward, or Mademoiselle — nobody will be in the world! Everyone will be in Heaven! Heaven. That is where Mother has gone. Where is Heaven?

You get out of bed and go to the window. Where is Heaven? Where is Heaven? You lean out of the window and look up at the sky. A million stars happen, up there. Little green clouds bump into them. The trees in the garden point up . . . higher than anyone can see, higher than anyone can think . . . there are whispers coming out of the world . . . then Aunt Agatha's voice, saying, "Really, Edward, *must* you smoke those smelly cigarettes?" . . .

You stand still at the window. Wind puts out its arms. Wind pulls your nightgown, and wants to play. The wind is happy. Will Wind go to Heaven? You think of angels, and God, and little devils with pointed hats. God is alone, on a cloud. He has only a head, and eyes that are terribly wise. He doesn't move. The angels have white, sharp wings. They fly round and round God, and sing. The little devils go hopping underneath, and try to set fire to their clothes. Where is Heaven?

Suddenly you feel a voice — a lovely, soft voice, explaining to you sad things. You kneel down at the window and listen, and the voice goes on and on. It tells things that are so very beautiful you cannot remember them, at all. You begin to cry. And the stars float away over the trees, and the world goes into the distance, and there is only you, and the voice . . . then, all at once,

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there is Aunt Agatha. She is saying "Edward! That child's at the window! She's been listening to everything we have said. . . ."

You are going to Dancing Class at Mrs. Potter's. Mrs. Potter has a class for little girls. It is Fancy Dancing. There will not be any boys there. Plenty of time, Aunt Agatha says, to learn to dance with boys. But Fancy Dancing is different. You ought to know how to Handle Yourself.

What do you do when you dance in a fancy way? How can you dance without somebody holding on to you? How will you know where to put yourself? Aunt Agatha comes and sits in the room while you are getting dressed up. Mademoiselle tries to make curls, out of your hair. You put on the dress that Aunt Agatha bought at a bargain sale, in Atlantic City. It is fluffy, and it is so short that your underclothes show. But Aunt Agatha says that doesn't matter. If your underclothes are clean that is all that is necessary, Aunt Agatha says.

Mademoiselle hands you new, long silk stockings to put on, and you have shiny shoes, with bows. They are tight, but you can get them off by wiggling your toes when nobody is looking. At last you go downstairs and get into the Glass Waggon with Aunt Agatha.

Albert is dressed up too. He has on a new hat and a coat with gold buttons. Aunt Agatha says "Good afternoon, Albert," and Albert pokes his hat with a finger of his, and makes a grin.

Mrs. Potter lives a long ways off. It takes an hour to get there. The Glass Waggon goes along. Albert lets Simon walk up all the hills till Aunt Agatha hits on the glass back of Albert's head and tells him to go faster. You cannot open any of the windows in the Glass Waggon. If you did, you would be "blown to pieces." You sit and look out of the window between the feathers in Aunt Agatha's hat. Trees go past. And muddled things. Sometimes, a bird. You see little gray clouds hopping along in the opposite direction from Mrs. Potter's. The leaves on the trees are painted gold. Every leaf in the world is laughing. The tops of the trees all shake. It makes you happy to watch them.

Aunt Agatha doesn't want to talk. Once she says "You will not forget to say how-do-you-do and goodbye to Mrs. Potter, Marian,

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and to tell her what a nice time you have had. . . ." How does Aunt Agatha know you are going to have a nice time? And once Aunt Agatha says "Mrs Potter has a charming place. It has been in the family for years." How does a place get into a family?

Just as you are going in at Mrs. Potter's gate, Aunt Agatha whispers "Do try and be Graceful, Marian, and don't stick your tongue out, when you dance. . . ."

You arrive. A man comes down the steps and opens the door of the Glass Waggon for you. He makes a beautiful bow, as he does it, but Aunt Agatha goes past him, and doesn't seem to notice. Inside, is another man. He stands there, and doesn't seem to do anything. He has on a lovely blue coat with gold on it, and short trousers like a little boy. Perhaps he is a Fairy Prince. You pinch Aunt Agatha to make her look.

You are in a big hall. Flowers are in the dark places. There are trees, growing out of boxes. A piano is making tunes. Aunt Agatha takes you into a room where there are a lot of little girls. They are standing around being fixed to do Fancy Things. They are very pretty. They have the most lovely dresses, and curls that do not look like yours. One of them has on a black dress with a big lace collar. She looks like Little Lord Fauntleroy. She is standing on her tip-toes in front of a glass. Aunt Agatha takes off your coat and hat, and fusses with your hair, and pokes your clothes around, and then you go out again into the hall. You go right past the Fairy Prince without speaking to him, and into an enormous room.

A lady in a slippery dress is standing at one end. She has white hair and a yellow face. Aunt Agatha gives you a push. She says to the lady, "How are you, Sophie? Yes, this is Marian. Say how-do-you-do to Mrs. Potter, Marian . . . oh, do you think so? Well, Edward thinks she is more like Arthur. . . . "

You can get away, without seeming to be doing it, while Aunt Agatha and Mrs. Potter go talking. A man is making the tunes out of the piano. As he makes them he looks around the room, and smiles. Every now and then he makes a bow. He bows proudly, like a footman. You go across the empty yellow floor to the piano. You lean on it, and watch the man's fingers. How can they go so fast? How do they know where to go? It is funny. The

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man smiles at you. He says "Do you like music, little girl?" And you say "Oh . . . yes. . . ." You have not thought about that.

The room is getting full of little girls. What has happened to Aunt Agatha? There she is . . . sitting at the other end of the room with a lot of old ladies. All the old ladies are leaning over each other, and saying things. Mrs. Potter is there. She keeps nodding her head up and down.

A Lady in a red dress comes into the room and claps. Her dress is short, but you cannot see her underclothes. She has a smile. She stands in the middle of the room, and claps, and all the little girls get themselves into a row. You get yourself into it, too. Will they begin doing Fancy Things with you? You have a new feeling in your stomach . . . you want to run away. The Lady in the red dress stands on the tops of her toes, and says something to the little girls. They all begin doing Fancy Things. You would never know they were Fancy. You stand still, and watch. How do you begin? You lift one leg, and stick it out ahead of you, and keep it there. Then you let it drop. Then you pick it up again and stick it out in back of you, and keep it there. Then you put it down beside your other foot. The Lady in the red dress comes over and shows you how to do it. It is awful. You are glad that Spence isn't there. Who cares what you do with a leg? Is standing on one of your legs being Graceful?

There are candles in the corners of the room — all burning, though it isn't night. There are roses around, and the smell of roses over everything. Suddenly, you are back in Mother's room in the little house Strange People took. Mother is lying in bed and turning her head a little — ever so little — and smiling. She is saying "Yes, darling . . . go on. . . ."

The Lady in red comes over to you. She says "Don't you like dancing, little girl?"

On the way home you ask Aunt Agatha if you may have a black dress? Aunt Agatha says "No. Of course not."

One day, when you are playing in the field near the woods, you find some yellow flowers. They have brown spots, and long, pointed ideas. They stand up and look at you. They are proud of being yellow flowers.

When Mademoiselle sees them she begins to pick them. The

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flowers make little noises when Mademoiselle breaks their bodies. They look sad, and disappointed. In the field, big bees come humming. Mademoiselle says "Pouff!" and gives squeaks at them. She does not think bees pretty, or notice how important they are. The bees want only to play with the flowers. Mademoiselle does not understand. She says "Pouff! Les méchantes abeilles!" and makes slaps at the bees when they play.

It is fun going to Sarah and Spence's house to play. It is fun because the house that is Sarah and Spence's now, really used to be yours. Sarah and Spence have a nurse. Her name is Anna. She is fat, and has to make puffy noises when she walks. Anna sits under a tree and darns stockings, and Mademoiselle sits and talks to her. When Anna and Mademoiselle go talking, you can do most anything.

Up on the porch sits Spence's mother. You run up there, sometimes, to hide. If you go too close to her she will kiss you. She is always thinking about things. She has a book in her lap, but she never reads it. She has big, sad eyes, and when they look at you, you love her.

When the father of Sarah and Spence comes home, you run away. You hear him laugh, and you run away as far as ever you can. He laughs if you tell him about things you love, or if you tell him about things you think. So you never can tell him about anything.

One day you are playing in the Swamp. The Swamp is a low down, tangled up place. Trees grow there, holding on to one another. You aren't supposed to play in the Swamp. It is supposed to have snakes in it. But you can go down into the Swamp just the same when Anna and Mademoiselle go talking. It is lovely being there. Spence makes up a game. You start at one end of a log that is lying on its stomach, and see how far you can walk along it, without falling off. You can't hold on to branches, or anything, while you do it. You take turns. It is awfully lovely. You are a lady walking on a string in a Circus. Underneath are millions of people, looking up. If you fall off, you will die. You try not to breathe. You get a little ways. You wabble. You fall . . . but you don't die. You lie there in the crackly leaves and watch Spence try to do it. Out of the log, close to the world, comes

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white stuff. You can break it off and draw pictures on it. It is such fun just to lie there, in the leaves, and make pictures on the white stuff, and feel happy. . . .

Suddenly a gun goes off. It goes off with a terrible noise. Somebody is making screams. You hear people running, and screaming.

You get out of the Swamp. Mademoiselle and Anna are standing there, looking scared. Anna is crying. You want to laugh at her. There is a lot of noise in the little house. Somebody leans out of a window and waves her arms. Doors slam. Mademoiselle catches hold of you, and she says in a shaky way "Here . . . we go home . . . we get out of this . . . queek!" And she pulls you along out into the road. Away. You look back. Spence is running up to the house. Sarah is holding on to Anna. You begin to cry. Why is everybody frightened? What is it all about?

Next morning, you know. Spence's father has gone to Heaven. But he wasn't supposed to go. That is why there was such a fuss. If you go to Heaven too soon, it is Terrible. You do not see Spence or Sarah again for a long time — for a week. Then you ask about things. Spence's father shot a gun into himself on purpose. People went up and found him lying down with blood all coming out of him. Yes, of course it was Real Blood. It is exciting while Spence is telling you about it. But you are not sorry for Spence's father. Ought you to be sorry for him? You ask Spence. Spence says he doesn't know.

Aunt Agatha calls Spence's father's going to Heaven a Terrible Thing, and a Good Riddance. She calls it a Terrible Thing first. She makes you pick bunches of flowers, and Albert takes them down to the little house. There is one thing that nobody will tell you. Will Spence's father laugh, all the time, at the angels?

End of Part One

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DEMOCRACIES AND FOREIGN POLICY

BRONSON BATCHELOR

ONE of the main results of the French and German elections is the test which they afforded to democracies in control of foreign policies. Much of the future of Europe is dependent upon the outcome of this great post-war experiment in open diplomacy. The most aggressive of international programs can nowadays be reversed at a moment's notice, but the absence of continuity of policy, inseparable from democratic control of foreign affairs, creates many disadvantages, including a sense of irresponsibility.

THE national elections recently held in France and Germany have a double significance for America. They mark not only the beginning of a new chapter in the tortuous road of European reconstruction, but they afford a fundamental test of democracies in control of foreign policy. In both countries, as in England and the United States in preceding years, the elections turned on international issues. Appeals to the electorate were made on problems which would have appalled the champions of popular government fifty or a hundred years ago. Foreign policy, the cornerstone of national effort for years to come, was to be determined by public referendum!

Surely Woodrow Wilson, when he called for that "open diplomacy" based on "open covenants openly arrived at," could hardly have envisaged such a complete and early realization of the new statecraft that was to supplement the League of Nations in the outlawry of war. Yet this revolution in the conduct of international affairs and diplomacy is today an outstanding fact. It may ultimately prove not only President Wilson's most lasting achievement, but the controlling factor in shaping the destinies of the future.

We have only to recall how recent it was that in all democratically governed countries the Foreign Office was an institution apart, operating in a mysterious orbit of its own, into whose affairs parliaments or legislatures might inquire only with circumspection and special permission. Foreign relations were the special province of the head of the State; they were above party politics, and represented policies that continued from generation to generation, binding on all parties alike. Democratic statesmen, however much their faith in popular government, drew the line

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at entrusting foreign policies, such as those at issue in France and Germany, to the decision of the electorate.

With what dismay must the shades of Bismarck, Castlereagh, or Cavour view this evolution,—this transfer of diplomacy from the privacy of the King's Closet to the hustings!

In the six years since the Armistice, the world, "made safe for democracy" by the overthrow of the autocracies and of that diplomacy which in 1914 seemed such a menace to peace, has had ample opportunity to study the results that have followed popular control of foreign policy. Before analyzing its achievements, however, the characteristics of the new statecraft should be noted.

In France, Great Britain, Italy, Spain, and Germany, not to mention the newly created nations of Middle Europe, there is the unprecedented example of each Premier serving as his own Foreign Secretary. Such a situation is at once an admission that foreign affairs have passed from the realm of statesmanship into the arena of politics,—a leading factor in the long delays that have attended the working out of a permanent economic program for the rehabilitation of Europe.

Negotiations between governments are conducted in a blaze of publicity. An exchange of "notes" today is carried on with the home electorate of each country always in mind; indeed ministers are more solicitous of the effect on the latter than in advancing the solution of a particular issue. The carefully couched phraseology of an older and more courtly era is discarded for phrases which echo well on the political platform.

Proceedings at international conferences, such as Genoa, Lausanne, or Washington, are reported daily to millions at breakfast tables with the completeness of a football game. Press representatives outnumber official delegates. The manipulation of news dispatches, the use of "trial balloons" by which public opinion is tentatively sounded out, are accepted instruments in the hands of these new diplomatists.

More important than the official proceedings of such an international gathering are the news dispatches from the home country reporting the reception and reaction to the proposals of this or that statesman. Frequently this "backwash" of world opinion may, in a single day, profoundly alter the course of a conference or even wreck it, as at Genoa.

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Such is the setting of the new statesmanship. Against the dangers of national prejudices and fears, of flamboyant appeals by demagogues to jingo nationalist sentiment, to which the conduct of international affairs is thus increasingly exposed, there is to be set down the positive good that always follows the turning of light into dark places, and the constant narrowing of the zone of international misunderstanding.

But the test of policy, after all, must be not only its soundness, but its continuity. Nations cannot shift foreign policies, as they exchange domestic political parties, without grave risks. Can democracies be depended upon to maintain a given international program under all kinds of political strain? A review of the foreign policies of Britain and France, carried on since the Armistice, throws considerable light on this question.

The outstanding fact with reference to the international programs of both England and France is that in both countries democratic control has succeeded in nullifying policies of aggressive action. Lloyd George's program for a European settlement, based upon a reconciliation with Russia and the restoration of Germany, was the first to go down before Baldwin's advocacy of a return to traditional British aloofness to continental matters. Poincaré's fall before the rising tide of French socialism likewise marks the end of the Quai d'Orsay's bid for European hegemony based upon France's military power and the economic and political disintegration of Germany.

The turning point in the foreign policies of both England and France was the Genoa conference. Before the conference, the principal rôle in the European drama falls to Lloyd George; after it, to his foe and rival, Poincaré. Each represented the exact opposites of economic and political policy. Both were destined to failure because a public which had almost unanimously endorsed their programs in the beginning grew restive and then resentful at the delays in their execution. Scarcely was the ink dry upon the Versailles treaty before the divergent courses of Britain and France began to exert their pressure upon the Entente, born of a common fear of German world predominance.

To England, the war had been in the beginning primarily economic in character. All the energy that Britain could spare from the grim task in Flanders was devoted to rooting out Ger-

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man trade throughout the world. Lloyd George, with his quick political intuition, was the first to seize upon the Peace and the foreign policy which must be its sequel as an election issue. At Versailles he thus held a political position superior to Clemenceau, with a ministry never ratified by the French electorate, and to President Wilson, who had lost the House of Representatives the preceding fall to the Republicans.

This advantage proved not only the turning point of Versailles but of the whole future of Franco-British relations. Against Clemenceau's insistence upon reparations and security for France, Lloyd George played Wilson's demand for a League of Nations, — to emerge with overwhelming economic advantages for the Empire.

To Great Britain the peace treaty was largely an executed document. The German navy and commercial fleet had been destroyed or handed over to the Allies. German overseas commerce had ceased to exist. The principal German colonies were to be placed under British "mandate" by the League.

For France, on the other hand, the execution of the treaty lay largely in the future. Britain thought of the peace largely in economic terms; France was thinking of its military provisions for her future safety. This difference in situation created fundamentally different political problems in the two countries.

The treaty had hardly been signed, however, before an unprecedented slump in international trade made unemployment and the regaining of foreign markets predominant issues in Great Britain. Foreign policy, under its new democratic leadership, had thus to be reshaped to meet domestic political necessities. It became necessary, consequently, for Lloyd George to utilize the skill shown in pressing for the treaty in bringing about its modification. In the British mind there was always the fact that Germany had been England's largest pre-war customer, which carried the corollary that reparations should not be made a barrier to the resumption of German economic life.

The immediate restoration of British overseas trade was an imperative necessity, both by reason of unemployment at home and the difficulties in administering India, Egypt, and Ireland. In the handling of the Irish and Japanese alliance problems, as well as in ending American naval rivalry at the Washington Dis-

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armament Conference, history will accord the brilliant Welshman a high place; just as in attempting the economic rehabilitation of Germany and Russia as customers for British goods, he overreached his power.

Neither could Lloyd George break the Franco-German impasse. He did succeed, however, in a succession of Allied conferences at San Remo, at Cannes, and other European watering places, in postponing that eventual showdown between France and the defaulting Teutons, and thus gain additional breathing space for the recuperation of British trade.

Meanwhile, there went forward a far-reaching program of economic development backed up by all the resources of the British Board of Trade. A series of new foreign trade banks was organized, penetrating the Near East, Central Europe, and the Baltic Provinces, which found a common center in London. All river transport on the Danube, the highway of Southeastern Europe, passed into the hands of British companies, as did the oil wells of Roumania and Baku. British finance, supplemented by British coal, replaced Germany in the development of Italian industry. In Asia Minor, the much heralded Bagdad Railway which formed the center of the German *Drang nach dem Osten* passed under British control.

Thus, with a Germany disarmed and again the largest potential customer, with the Union Jack flying over many thousands of square miles of new teritory, with the control of ocean shipping and international finance strengthened and solidified, the prospects of the peace which Lloyd George had achieved were indeed fair to British eyes.

Then came Poincaré and the Genoa conference.

At Genoa, Lloyd George planned to effect the reconciliation of Russia with Europe. But at Genoa he had to deal with a new Premier of France, M. Poincaré, — a Premier who refused to continue the personal conferences by which Europe had been governed for two years, and who remained aloof in the Elysée, utilizing the telegraph and long-distance telephone in moves which heeded neither Georgian eloquence nor appeals to Allied solidarity. The challenge as to the future leadership of Europe was definite and clear-cut. For the first time Lloyd George found himself outmanoeuvred, and unprotected by that careful bal-

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ancing of victor against the vanquished, which had been the strength of Palmerston and Salisbury at the Congresses of Vienna and Berlin. Genoa collapsed, and with it fell the prestige and power of Lloyd George, first on the Continent and then in Great Britain. Bonar Law, Stanley Baldwin, and Ramsay MacDonald, who followed in the premiership, carefully avoided Lloyd George's error in playing for European leadership. They went back to the traditional "wait and see" policy of Britain, while the problem of unemployment was tackled from new angles at home.

Such was the result of the hazardous course of utilizing foreign policy as a partisan issue. An ambitious economic program of almost Napoleonic proportions, equal in concept to Lloyd George's early realization of the scale on which the Great War was to be conducted, went down to defeat because of the electorate's unwillingness to assume the risks in seeing it through. Once embarked upon it, decisions had to be made, from the standpoint not of national interests, but of party necessities. The lesson Lloyd George had to learn, as it had been painfully brought home to Woodrow Wilson, was that voters are reluctant to participate in experiments abroad. On foreign issues instinct and prejudice get quicker reactions than reason.

Poincaré's program, on which France has now turned her back, was equally daring and grandiose. As the cornerstone of British policy had been the rehabilitation of European markets, so M. Poincaré's objective was to solidify the political power on the Continent, bequeathed to France under the Versailles Treaty. Under the guidance of Marshal Foch, the General Staff began to exert in the political field the same influence which its Prussian counterpart had exercised in Germany under Von Moltke, Von Stein, and Falkenheyn. The political formulas of Richelieu and Napoleon acquired a modern significance. Alliances were sought with the liberated peoples of Central Europe, who, with France, had an equal stake in the continued impotence of Germany. These military safeguards acquired a fresh importance after the United States and England failed to ratify the military convention by which they were again to assist France in the event of unprovoked attack from Germany.

Poland, whose dream of political rebirth had been nourished in England and America, became France's first ally, when England

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neglected to press home her own opportunities. To the "little entente" of Jugoslavia, Roumania, and Czecho-Slovakia, France next extended a protecting arm. Armies sprang into being, trained by French officers: and, though hard-pressed financially by the failure to collect reparations, France has found huge sums to lend these new allies.

There followed in due course the usual treaties duly registered with the League of Nations at Geneva, but with military "conventions" still kept as secret as though the war to end war had never been fought. Only recently President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia visited Paris and completed the last of these alliances, arranged for a loan and the development of a Czech army of 300,000 under French leadership.

However much one may dissent from French policy under the Poincaré ministry, and its relationship to the future peace of Europe, its success from the standpoint of objectives achieved cannot be disputed. Poincaré's major objective both as President and as Premier has always been the steady weakening of Germany. A powerful State north of the Rhine was a constant menace to France. To bring about the disintegration of German political and economic power, the fantastic sums for Reparations originally established by the Reparations Commission under his own presidency afforded an admirable instrument. From the beginning of these Reparations "crises" France has been unwilling to consent to any settlement, no matter how far-reaching in material results, which would deprive her of the weapon of eventual independent action against Berlin.

The legal case which Poincaré built against Germany as a debtor wilfully avoiding a just obligation, does credit to his excellent reputation as a lawyer in thus preparing the way for the eventual seizure of the Ruhr, the heart of the German industrial empire.

It may be doubted whether Poincaré actually envisaged the actual dismemberment of Germany as a part of his policy; certain of his acts following the occupation lack his usual definiteness and would indicate indecision on this point. But to say that the Ruhr invasion has been a failure from the standpoint of Reparations is to misjudge its objective. With the exception of Ruhr coke and coal, essential to French industry, it is to be doubted whether

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Paris actually expected more results than had been obtained. These accomplishments have been:

1. Crushing the power of the German industrialists who had made themselves the dominant group in the new German Republic, forcing them to economic surrender, or, as an alternative, to admit France as a partner in their great cartels.
2. The formation of a separate Rhine State which should serve as a buffer between France and Germany.
3. Curbing Prussia to the point where it would no longer menace France's ally, Poland, in the East.
4. Weakening the bonds between North and South Germany.

Thus in all major objectives of her foreign policy, France, under Poincaré's leadership, stands triumphant. She has succeeded in erecting a chain of alliances across Central Europe. She backed the Turks against the Greeks, and the Crescent is again in Constantinople. She has brought Germany to the point of economic collapse. She has paralyzed British power on the Continent. But this victory, as a result of the elections, is threatened by the same forces of internal dissension which brought about German collapse in the war.

Statesmen have not yet discovered a way of guarding the Achilles heel which modern democracies present to imperialist policies. The small group of French Nationalists who have been the directing force in French policy, unlike Richelieu or Napoleon, have had to face the French electorate for a vote of confidence, and ballots have again prevailed over bayonets. Whatever future benefits might flow from the realization of her imperialistic policy are weighed against costs to the taxpayer, and found insufficient.

For the French, unlike the British or the Germans, have been unable to supplement their new imperialistic structure with corresponding economic development. It has been of too rapid growth. They are without the trading instinct or the genius for mass production. The occupation of the Ruhr, from the standpoint of operating its industries, was a complete failure.

The lesson from democratic control of foreign policy thus seems to be clear. The most ambitious of international programs can overnight be reversed, as has happened in England and in France. There is no assurance on continued support for an aggressive program, especially if it is faced with vicissitudes or its future becomes uncertain. The public refuses to become alarmed

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about an international issue which may develop fifty years from now out of the seeds of present-day problems. The handling of Japanese immigration by the American Congress and the abandonment of the Singapore naval base by the British Labor government are instances. The future is left to take care of itself.

The gains in the direction of peace from the development of "passive" policies by democracies are thus very substantial. Hunts for foreign markets or territorial expansion, which in the last century took the place of dynastic ambition as a cause of war, will be less provocative in character if unsupported by force. Thus the need for larger armies and navies is minimized, and the dangers of "unpreparedness" lose much of the lurid consequences depicted by the professional militarist.

On the other hand, the absence of continuity of policy, inseparable from democratic control, creates certain serious disadvantages. The zone of international coöperation in many fields is curtailed in proportion to the burden to be assumed. The failure of many countries, particularly the South American democracies, to accept their financial quotas as members of the League of Nations is typical. When pressure for economies in national expenditures becomes acute, politicians find it much easier to drop foreign commitments than those of political character at home. As an example of America's attitude there need be cited but two instances: Our fifteen year indifference to the Colombian claims growing out of the building of the Panama Canal, and the pleas made to an unresponsive Congress each year for the Foreign services of the State Department.

Perhaps as a result of years of education and discussion of foreign problems, and broadening appreciation of the viewpoint of other peoples, democracies will be able to overcome many of the difficulties so apparent during the past five years. Irresponsibility, growing out of distrust and contempt for things foreign, will be overcome, so that genuine coöperation between free peoples sharing the same ideals and aspirations can be brought about. The door to progress is at least open.

In the meantime the light shed on those dark places, out of which wars can arise overnight, will serve as a disinfectant for the hatreds and suspicions which have so long delayed the return of sanity in Europe and throughout the world!

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UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DOSTOEVSKI

Part Three

EDITED BY CATHERINE, PRINCESS RADZIWILL

This letter was written during Dostoevski's preparation of his speech at the inauguration of the Pushkin Monument in Moscow. The request to deliver it was one of the greatest satisfactions he ever experienced. One can see behind his words a solemn joy at the possibility given at last to him, the former convict of the Czar, to speak to his country with authority, and to call upon it to shake itself free from the bonds in which it is still imprisoned.

"June 1, 1880.

(No salutation)

"You must not expect a rational letter from me today, dear friend. My brain seems on fire. I have been working for the last two weeks at my speech for the inauguration of Pushkin's monument, and am worried by the thought that I shall never, never be able to rise to the occasion. The whole time I am writing I am haunted by the fear that something will prevent me, at the last moment, from delivering this speech. I cannot bring myself to believe I shall ever be allowed to express in public my feelings in regard to our great poet. It would be such an unprecedented thing for our government to permit a former convict to step forth on a public platform on such a solemn occasion. And this fear, which never leaves me, of course interferes with my work, paralyses my hand as well as my soul and intelligence. I would like to express not only my personal admiration for the great man whose memory we are honoring, but also the admiration of our whole country for him. I would like to speak in the name of Russia, for Russia, to tell the world what Russia thinks, and what Russia feels, in these days when it becomes more and more evident that we stand on the threshold of great events, of an irresistible movement to free Russian thought from the bonds with which it has so long been fettered; of a movement the strength of which will prove one day stronger than the iron hand of our government.

"The world must know that Russia and the Czar's henchmen and valets are not the same thing, that there exist in Russia

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noble men and women, willing to work for the welfare of their country, willing to undergo any number of trials to free it, to see it take the place among nations which has been assigned to it by the Almighty. This will be my first opportunity to address my country, to tell her what I think of her, what I dread for her, to awaken her to a realisation of the dangers which threaten her, — and can you wonder that I tremble at the very thought, that I shudder at the possibility of breaking down before I have finished, or of being interrupted before I have expressed all I feel?

"I suppose you will again tell me I should not be so morbid. You will perhaps be right when you say it, but it will be useless on your part to attempt to make me see life, — what is left for me of life, — from anything but a discouraged point of view. Until now my whole existence has been a failure, and when I look back upon it, I can only wonder that I am still here, that I have been able after all to achieve something in my small way. But the maddening thought is there, that I could have done so much better, could have written with so much more authority of all I know, all I have undergone. And now I would like to be able to use this last opportunity which will ever be given to me, to say all I have to say, and I fear something in me will break down before I am able to do so. My friend, this doubting of one's strength is about the most terrible ordeal a human soul is called upon to endure in this world.

"Farewell, and write to me if you can. May God keep you, and may His blessing rest upon you."

The following letter, written after Dostoevski's triumph in Moscow, is very characteristic. It shows how timid he could be on occasion, and how distrustful of his own abilities. His regret at not being able to write as well as Tolstoi, as well as his envy of that author and of Turgenev, give us the key to many of his so-called eccentricities and the harshness of his judgments of literary rivals. It is also curious for his use of the expression "literary proletarian," — which the Russian society of his day undoubtedly considered him.

"August 15, 1880.

"Your letter, dear friend, was very welcome, coming as it did in the midst of new worries with which, as time goes on, I find

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myself less and less able to cope. You say you read with great interest my speech at the inauguration of Pushkin's monument. I thought you would like it, and thought of you on that day, regretting you could not hear it. But from what was repeated to me, it seems that some people objected to it on the ground that it was far too pessimistic for the occasion. Always this endless human stupidity which expects us to rejoice on set occasions, and requires us to put ourselves on the level of those who listen to us! I had no reason for speaking optimistically. Besides, there was Turgenev but too ready to do so. And I suppose that if Leo Nicolaevitch (Tolstoi) had been there, he would have been better able than I to satisfy the public craving for pleasant words. A literary proletarian like myself can only say what he thinks, describe what he sees.

Ah if I only could write a novel like Tolstoi! But this is denied to me, because I have to work for my daily bread, because for me literature is a trade; whereas for him and for Ivan Sergeivitch (Turgenev) it is a vocation. And yet it seems to me at times I too could describe what I have seen, in the course of my sad and unhappy life, in words which would have appealed to the masses. One can only write well of what one knows, of what one has studied through the daily contacts of one's existence. Tolstoi with all his genius, and perhaps because of his genius, has never described with accuracy the feelings of people placed in different surroundings and belonging to other classes of society than that in which he was born.[1] His part in our literary movement will and ought to remain confined to novels dealing with people placed in positions and moving in a world which for me is, and will remain, unknown, because I did not seek it, for lack of the means to move about in it.

"Oh this poverty! Oh the remembrance of these years during which I had to stifle every moral aspiration towards something higher and better than the inhabitants of a convict prison! It kills me sometimes to recall certain hours spent in that hell. I know I have no right to complain, or to rebel against that life, against life in general. I know that my duty would be to consider instead the mass of turpitude and evil thoughts which lurk at the bottom of my soul; but there are moments which stand out in

[1] This was written before the publication of *Resurrection* and *The Powers of Darkness*.

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one's memory as if they had been burned into one's soul with a red-hot iron. I cannot forget, although I may at times say, and perhaps even think, that I have forgotten.

"Then again I cannot look at the future, the future of my country, with anything but dread and apprehension. Surely the great and final catastrophe is approaching nearer and nearer, and when it comes, the whole world of God will tremble, and cry out in horror. I fear the future! I fear what I see at times when everything is dark around me at night, when everything is still, and when the sound of the church bells seems to herald a cruel awakening for the earth. And then this sense of failure, this knowledge that one is not able to give to others what one has got of good, of best in one's being, that one is prevented even from helping those in want of it! I was, it seems, condemned by destiny to forced work, either in prison or out of it, and nothing that is forced is ever well done. Ah, my friend, you don't know what it is to suffer because one can do nothing to destroy the principle of suffering! I know that you will probably think me mad to write to you in such terms, and perhaps I am mad. Many would have become mad if they had undergone all I have had to undergo!

"I send you good wishes; I hope you are well, and that I shall soon see you. You say you expect to be in St. Petersburg in September. Till then good-bye."

This letter is in some ways a repetition of the last one, and manifests even more accurately an envious feeling in regard to the literary successes of Tolstoi and Turgenev. At the same time it describes wonderfully well the Russia of the end of last century, when it was really only the upper classes that counted. It also shows the sense of justice which in spite of his sufferings, his exile, imprisonment, and daily financial struggles, had survived in the mind of Dostoevski as well as in his heart, and his appreciation of his rivals' talents. If one recalls the fact that he had quarreled with Turgenev most bitterly, his expressions of satisfaction at the latter's appreciation of his Moscow speech are very characteristic.

"September 16, 1880.

(No salutation)

"Your letter, my friend, would have flattered me if I had not feared that all you tell me was inspired by your kind feelings

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towards me. You say that I ought to feel satisfied because the Pushkin ceremonies proved that I am the most popular writer in Russia. Well, somehow I cannot quite believe it, because I should like to be popular with all classes of society, not only with the intelligentzia and with the people. I should like also to be read in those drawing-rooms where *Anna Karenina* and the *Memories of a Sportsman* were read with such eagerness, because it is our high classes who ought to be instructed in the wants of the nation, who ought to learn what the nation has to bear, what are its desires, its hopes, and its fears. If they always remain as ignorant as they are today of the real life of Russia, of Russia's needs, and even of Russia's mistakes, faults, and crimes, then not only they, but Russia too shall fall, and this before long.

"Our people are so ignorant, and intentionally kept in that dark ignorance, that a century may pass before they can come out of this state of inert slumber in which it is the aim of our government to keep them. All knowledge, all instruction, all energy seems to be confined to our upper circles; therefore it is the eyes of those upper circles which we should try to open. But this is precisely what I cannot do, much as I long for it. I cannot speak the language of those people, and my popularity is just as low as perhaps my instincts are, because the years I spent over there have taken from me the already too small amount of refinement which I possessed before I was sent to that hell, that hopeless hell in which four of my best years dwindled away.

"If I could write the elegant Russian of Turgenev and Tolstoi, if I could describe the life of all those Countesses and Princesses who move about in your drawing-rooms of St. Petersburg, no doubt I should become as popular as even I could wish, but this is precisely what I cannot do; I can speak only the Russian I hear around me, the Russian of those who have not tried to modernise it by the use of foreign expressions, the Russian of Russia, not of St. Petersburg's beautiful ladies and lazy guardsmen. You will tell me I could easily learn it, but this is precisely what I do not want to do, because it would be giving in to what I loathe, it would be sacrificing to the golden calf of sentimentality. Therefore my popularity remains confined to the intelligentzia and to a few people like yourself who look beyond the vain emptiness of the world; and in consequence of this my influence over our

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Russian society remains far beneath what I would have liked it to be.

"Do you think that I felt any satisfaction when they cheered me at Moscow? In a certain sense I did, but it did not proceed from the consciousness that I had done well, but rather that I had pleased a few. If only I did not have this torturing disgust of everything, and this deep distrust of myself. Oh that I could really know, that I could feel that at last, after the struggles of so many years, I was trusted by my countrymen, trusted by our Mother Russia! You tell me in your letter that I have every reason to be proud, and that my friends are proud of me. You may be right in regard to my friends, but as to myself you cannot realise the inner struggles of my tormented soul.

"Yet I did have one moment of real and true satisfaction, and this was when Aksakov expressed to me his sympathy, and also that of Turgenev. I really felt then that I had achieved something, because, after all, Ivan Sergeivitch is the real representative of our Russian literature, the one man on whom has fallen the mantle of Gogol. To think he appreciated me meant very much to me, and made me forget the past, when his sarcasms goaded me to exasperation. We were young then . . . and what are we now that time has done its work, when nothing but a little smoke is left of our past hopes and fears!

"My friend, I thank you once more for all your sympathy; it has been a ray of sunshine in the cold winter day of my miserable life."

Dostoevski's deep love for his country is beautifully expressed in this letter, as well as his satisfaction at his own success in Moscow which he begins to realize better than at first. When he speaks of regeneration through humility, one guesses that he alludes to himself. His remarks about the cruelties which Russians can perpetrate while keeping intact their love for their neighbor are striking, in view of what goes on at present in his unfortunate country.

"November 24, 1880.

(No salutation)

"I have not written to you for some time, dear friend, but it was not, as you supposed, because I was again suffering from what

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you call my ailing imagination. On the contrary, I feel calmer now than I have ever felt in my life. Somehow what took place at Moscow brought peace to my soul; I did not feel it at the time, but now I realise it. I see that I too can sway public opinion, and that it will side with me if I call upon it to do so. This consciousness of my own strength gives me self-confidence, — what I had always lacked. It also gives me new energy to speak to my country as well as to the world.

"I would like to be given twenty years more of life that I might preach to the rest of the world the intrinsic worth of Russia, our beloved Russia, as a nation. Europe is but too much inclined to look upon us as savages, to see only our dark sides. No one has better fathomed those dark sides than myself, but because I have gone to the very depths of the Russian heart, I know the treasures which it contains, and also that our masses ought not to be judged by the abominations which they so often perpetrate. Sometimes they appear degraded, but their ideals nevertheless remain clean, strong, and at times even holy. In the midst of injustices without number, the Russian people have kept intact a love of justice, a love of their neighbor, the instinct of charity and kindness towards even the lowest of criminals.

"I noticed it in Siberia; I saw it for the first time when a woman gave alms to us poor convicts driven to work under the lash. She did not see our downcast faces, she did not notice the fetters which we were dragging along, she did not hear the sound of the chains with which we were bound to one another. That woman, whenever I have recalled her, has appeared to me as the image of the Russian people, this people so kind and yet so cruel, because every man born of woman is cruel, only most men fail to redeem their cruelty by kindness.

"In this respect, as in many others, Russia is superior to Europe, from the moral point of view. She understands the meaning of personal regeneration through humility, and so has come nearer to Christ than most other nations of the world. And yet she also has her repulsive aspects; she also is at times the slave of the demon who rules us all. It is this persistence of evil which is so discouraging, which makes one sometimes doubtful of everything, of God as well as of man, — which brings on these fits of utter black despair, to which we are, all of us who know the meaning

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of the word 'thinking,' subject at one time or another. But lately, — and I know you will be glad to hear it, — I have not experienced them. Peace has re-entered my soul, since I have become convinced that my life has not been entirely worthless, that I have been of some use to my country and to my friends, admitting that I have any.

"I will now say farewell, until I see you. God grant this may be soon!"

This final letter, written exactly two months day for day before his death, can almost be called Dostoevski's last testament. It is a recapitulation of his whole life. The assertion that he believes in Christ greets the reader in a pleasant soothing manner, after the despairing doubts formerly expressed. His vision of what is to befall Russia savors of that clear-headedness which is so often present in dying people.

"December 27, 1880.

(No salutation)

"Your letter, dear friend, was a real pleasure, because it told me you would be with us after the New Year, that consequently I should see you in a few days. To think that another twelve months have passed with so little achieved! How few among us realise that time is passing! The years disappear one after the other, leaving us with the conviction that we have done nothing at all, that we have forgotten the task which was allotted to us when our eyes opened to the light of the world. And yet no life has been entirely useless, or entirely unproductive. No man has spent his existence without having done some good to somebody, and never been rewarded for it.

"This is what makes things so bitter, the thought of the uselessness of the good one has done, or tried to do. This is what disgusts one with the world, with existence, with all men, whom one ends by despising because one cannot love them. After all, the love which Christ preached to us has disappeared from among those who go about free and happy, as they imagine they are. One finds it only in those dark places like *The House of the Dead*, in hovels, and among the lowest of the lowly of the earth. Why is that? Why cannot all men be good and try to help their neighbors?

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"I believe in Christ our Lord, yet at times I hate Him. I could curse Him for not having shown Himself kinder to us. And then I remember that the day will come, — it is drawing near, — when that Christ will be all that is left to our miserable humanity, to our unfortunate country. I remember that the day predicted by the Apocalypse is coming fast, is perhaps even now with us, that dreadful day when the wrath of the Lord will fall on our unhappy country, when Russia will stand before the world naked and stripped of all her past glories, her former might, and when nothing, nothing will be left her except her faith in Christ the Saviour, — this Saviour to whom she will look for salvation. And with this dreadful thought that never leaves me, this waiting for the terrors of the future, how could I write anything else but sad stories, — I who know what sadness means, who feel it all around me, all over Russia, our Mother, I who suffer for her, with her, through her. Ah! Russia, Russia, how dear, and yet how repugnant to me thou sometimes art!

"My friend, do not condemn me, but pity me who suffer so much! And may God Almighty watch over thee!"

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RELIGION ON A YACHT

CHARLES THOMAS HALLINAN

THIS paper was written in London during the recent visit of Dr. Nathan Söderblom, Archbishop of Upsala, to the United States. At the conclusion of a tour crowded with impressions, the Primate of Sweden, though worn out by a long series of public addresses, sermons, and receptions, agreed to the Editor's suggestion that he read Mr. Hallinan's manuscript and write for THE FORUM *a short article discussing the questions raised. His reply will be published in September as a sequel to the present article.*

"I SEE by the 'Dagbladet,'" said the Swede, wringing out the dishrag and hanging it neatly over the combing to dry, "that our Swedish Archbishop of Upsala is visiting your United States."

"Ah, is that so?" I said politely, thrusting a dishpan into the *Griffin's* locker. "Do you mind grabbing that soap before it sails away through the scuppers?"

The Swede stretched a long arm and seized the treacherous cake.

"What will our Archbishop think of your country?" he went on. "You know he is the head of our Established Lutheran Church, and a very intelligent man."

"Good heavens, how do I know what he will think of America?" I replied shortly, mopping up the cockpit and giving a final touch to our neat but congested quarters. "What do you suppose he will think?"

"My question is a very important one," said the Swede, seating himself and lighting, with some difficulty, a cigarette. "We European Protestants can't help being deeply interested in America because you seem the great out-standing example of a country whose institutions have been moulded wholly by protestantism. At the same time, we can't help wondering. You do such curious things, you know, and you are so conspicuously successful in material affairs, — we can't help wondering just what the end will be. That's why I asked you what our Primate will find when he visits America."

"Well, I'll try to meet you frankly," I said. "I don't in the least mind answering questions, but it is hard, with so many Europeans 'picking' on me, to tell which are questions and which are merely 'digs.' Replying candidly, then, I should say that the Swedish Archbishop will be struck with two things in the Ameri-

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can churches. He will find them deeply involved in a controversy over Darwinism. And he will also find them interested in problems of religious technique, problems of propaganda and organization." I must say I was secretly pleased with the promptness and neatness of my reply.

"M-m-m," said the Swede slowly and let his cigarette go out. After a violent effort involving the entire cockpit he got it re-lit. His next remark was unexpected. "Did you ever read Renan's essay on Channing?"

I am afraid I looked a little blank.

"Channing, your great Unitarian leader," he explained.

"No, I am afraid not," I said. Really, I thought to myself, one does have the most extraordinary conversations on a yacht. We were anchored off Chapman Light, in the wide mouth of the Thames. Freighters from all parts of the world, flying the flags of the maritime nations, were passing us, up and down "London river." It was a fascinating procession, — and here we were discussing American protestantism! Among the minor passions of mankind must certainly be counted a taste for the edifying.

"That's a very remarkable essay," the Swede continued. "You really ought to read it if you want to see how the Protestant church in America appears to the European mind. Of course it was written a good many years ago, but our Archbishop is undoubtedly familiar with it. He may even have read it on the boat going over, to refresh his memory, to be able to apply it like a sort of yardstick, measuring what changes, if any, have taken place since Renan wrote."

I suppose I looked my surprise. It certainly does give one a queer feeling to discover all the unsuspected ways in which America is constantly being judged. Every country in Europe, I thought to myself, has its own pet criticism of the United States, and it has had a different one every ten years. And here, unexpectedly, in the essay of this dead Frenchman, here was another subtle weighing of my country. But I can't remember that I said anything at the moment.

The Swede went on: "What impressed Renan was the way American Protestants turned themselves loose, as you would say, upon the Bible. It is what in our theological seminaries we call bibliolatry. There is no European Church anywhere that feeds

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on the Bible, that rests so much of its case on the textual interpretation of the Bible, as the various American bodies do. At least that is our impression. Some of the religious sects in the United States take the Bible with the greatest literalness."

"Don't they read the Bible as much in Sweden?" I asked.

"Not quite the way your people do," he replied promptly. "We have in the Swedish Lutheran Church a great body of tradition which we try to keep alive and vivid. That's an authority that greatly counts with us. When we have religious controversies, — which isn't, perhaps, very often, — we don't hurl texts, like missiles, at one another; we appeal to history and tradition as well as to the Bible. It gives our religious experience a somewhat different flavor."

I digested this as well as I could.

"For example," he went on, "Renan as an European was quite shocked to find how even Channing, the leader of the religious liberals and a man who was supposed to be theologically so very advanced, turned instinctively to the Bible when he wanted to prove a case. Channing greatly disliked the Calvinist idea of hell but when he wanted to disprove its existence he counted the number of times the word 'hell' occurred in the Bible, noted the fact that it was only five or six times, and pointed out that a better translation, — what you would call a 'snappy, up-to-date' translation, — would eliminate those five or six uses of the word 'hell' and thus abolish it, theologically-speaking, altogether! Now one of the things which will interest the Archbishop, will be to what extent this tendency to bibliolatry still persists."

We had a long and slightly breathless swim, from the yacht to the weed-covered base of the Chapman Light and back. After we got through blowing we fell, as brave men will, to talking about religion. Again, mind you! But somewhat objectively, as befitting our homely masculine deshabille.

"We had an interesting course in our seminary once on 'Problems of Contemporary Protestantism,'" said the Swede, patting his bony Scandinavian toes with meticulous care. "And a fellow who had been to the States gave us a fine paper on 'The Rôle of the Methodist Church in American Democracy.' You would have been very much interested in that."

"Uh huh," I said, absorbed in my toilet.

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"He argued that you Americans owe your strong, not to say devastating, sense of social equality almost wholly to the American Methodist church."

"Get out!" I said, incredulous. "Why not the Baptists? Why not attribute it, rather, to our leveling pioneer conditions?"

"When John Wesley, as a Church of England clergyman, started his work among the poor and ignorant masses in England," explained the Swede, "he evolved the doctrine of perfection or perfectionism, which meant that any man or woman, no matter how sinful, who 'found Christ' or 'experienced religion' achieved instantly perfection. Wesley was thoroughly fed up with the slow-poke methods of the Established Church; he proclaimed instantaneous grace, immediate redemption. He had a wonderful response, so wonderful that under its stimulus he eventually broke away from the Church of England altogether.

"But his doctrine of perfection was widely criticised. People saw at once where it would lead; they saw that its tendency would be to convince the poor and humble that they were as good as anybody else when they had become converted and had achieved perfection. Some people said right out that the doctrine had mischievous seeds of sedition in it; but Wesley, who was a sound Tory, wouldn't believe them and refused to change.

"When Methodism spread to the American colonies just before your Revolutionary War, it spread like wildfire among the poor and humble. It gave them just what they wanted. At that time the American churches, I believe, were thoroughly aristocratic in structure or at least in temper. The Church of England, as exported to America, was thoroughly aristocratic, and so were the Puritan churches in New England. As you probably know yourself, Harvard College, which was the Congregational college, was dedicated to the education of the gentry. The names of the students were listed, in the catalogue, in the order of their fathers' social rank; if a poor student met on the staircase a student of superior social position, he had to yield the railing to him. And so on, all that sort of thing.

"Well, this chap argued in his paper that Methodism blew this whole business sky-high. If you were a poor man who had achieved perfection, you were disinclined to stand for any snobbery from anybody; you asserted yourself. As long as the Methodists were

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weak in America, the masses followed their superiors, they followed the English custom of selecting aristocrats to govern. But after Coles and Asbury had done their work and spread the doctrine of perfectionism in every humble home in America, your public men all had to come up into notice by way of the hustings; they had to deal with an electorate strongly imbued with the new equalitarianism, and the immediate result was the permanent retirement of the old Virginia and New England aristocrats."

"I don't think I ever heard that explanation advanced before," I said guardedly. "I should prefer to look into it, I think."

"One thing that strikes me," he said abruptly, a little later, "is that your religious journals, — at least those we see in the seminary, — seem so entirely oblivious of the intellectual challenge of the Roman Catholic church. In Europe our protestantism, broadly speaking, is never allowed to forget either the challenge of the Church of Rome or, for that matter, the challenge of modern science. Our best men are being drawn off in one direction or the other; we are what we are because we fought such and such a fight against one or both of them, or because we compromised in such and such a way. They keep us intellectually on the alert.

"But the American churches, while they sometimes profess alarm at the *political* strength, real or imaginary, of the Roman Catholic church, seem to us curiously unaware of that church as a sincere *religious* challenge. That is another question which our Archbishop is sure to study while in America. What is the answer of American protestantism to the Church of Rome? What is its answer to the assumptions of modern science?"

"There isn't any one answer," I said boldly. "Some will answer it one way, some another. There is no such thing, really, as American protestantism. It is a free country and everybody worships as he pleases, — Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant."

"I wonder!" he said, "I wonder! To us in Europe American protestantism seems a definite reality, something as tangible and describable as the hand there" — holding it out — "before my face. The various Protestant churches in America seem to us to be less and less conscious of their great roots in the religious history of Western Europe; their differences, once so vivid and vital, are gradually being cancelled out. Indeed, some of the American

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Baptists at our great Stockholm convention frankly said as much.

"Now, in place of those various organic religious bodies, each with its own point of view, its own contribution to make, you seem to us to be slowly and perhaps unconsciously evolving a great common denominator, a something called 'American protestantism,' an unrecognized, — and in that sense, irresponsible, — State Church! It has no Archbishop, true, no Primate, but its leading spirits seem to us to have more secular and religious power than any European bishop has had since the eighteenth century.

"Your State Church in America is answerable to no parliament, it raises and spends its own funds, it shapes your social life and much of your educational system. Why, there are States, I am told, where organized Protestantism has driven Catholic and Lutheran children out of their own schools into the State schools! No Church Establishment in the Old World would dare to go so far. Your Established Church insists on Bible reading in many of the State-supported schools, and by Bible it means frankly the Protestant version, not the Douay or Roman Catholic text. It recognizes no rival traditions, no constitutional restraints. It seems to us a very powerful spirit. Why, compared with yours, the Church Establishments in Sweden, in Germany, in England, are timid and apologetic!

"No, no, my good American friend, you are building up with that tremendous energy of yours, with your characteristic recklessness, one of the most powerful theocracies in Christendom and you are doing it in cheerful disregard of some of the lessons painfully learned by the Old World.

"Indeed, you may take my word for it, our Swedish Archbishop will have much to study while in America!"

"Under our Constitution," I began doggedly —

"My dear man," he said, his face breaking out in a broad and mischievous smile, "don't you know that good men never pay the slightest attention to constitutions?"

"Lord love me," I said, "you are a terrible person to invite on a perfectly good yacht. But dig out that stew-pan from under the seat and I'll make some tea."

The Archbishop will reply in the next issue of THE FORUM.

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IS MARS DEAD OR ALIVE?

WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

THIS month Mars is as close to the earth as it can come, and astronomers are again speculating on the famous canals. It is hard to resist the belief that they were constructed by intelligent beings who use them to transport the extremely meagre water supply of their planet. As far as we can infer, a Martian, if he exists, is three times as tall as an inhabitant of the earth only one-third as heavy, and eighty-one times more effective. But his race is nearly run; for he lives, terror-stricken, upon a senile planet.

TURN the telescope upon Mars, and what is it that greets the eye and arouses a sense of cosmic companionship? A globe with a diameter of 4,230 miles, — only slightly more than half that of the earth; a globe with white polar caps that disappear and reappear with seasonal regularity; a globe which changes in hue from ochrous red to bluish-green and back again as spring, summer, autumn, and winter come and go; above all, a globe wondrously cobwebbed at certain seasons with lines, the so-called "canals," so startlingly artificial that they arrest the attention. To seek in these features and in these seasonal phenomena evidences of intelligent life seems, at first blush, as difficult as to discover the existence of sand-fleas in the desert of Sahara from the top of some distant mountain. Yet there is good reason to conclude that the surface of Mars has been molded not only by nature but also by intelligence; for only by assuming that intelligence has applied itself can the highly artificial canals be satisfactorily explained. To the late Professor Percival Lowell and the late Professor William H. Pickering we owe the most minute and accurate studies of this Martian surface that have ever been made, and to Professor Lowell the highly ingenious and plausible arguments on which a belief in a wonderfully endowed race of Martians must be based.

Life as we know it must be defined in terrestrial terms. It is the resultant of many circumstances, some purely astronomical, some physical, some chemical. That Mars fulfills the astronomical and physical requirements all astronomers are now agreed. Thus, its orbit, while not so circular as that of the earth, assures a supply of solar energy sufficiently constant in quantity and quality, so that the planetary surface is not subjected for long periods to unendurable extremes of heat and cold. Its inclination

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to its orbit and its day (almost exactly as long as ours) are such that the whole surface is alternately warmed and cooled at frequent intervals. Lastly, it has mass enough to hold at least a tenuous atmosphere.

When we examine the chemical conditions we stand upon somewhat less certain ground. If there is life there must be air and there must be water. If these are absent the whole theory that Mars is peopled by a race of super-beings must collapse. It so happens that the seasonal phenomena testify eloquently to the presence of both air and water and that this evidence is fortified by the spectroscope.

Not even the most carping astronomical critic of Lowell will deny that Mars has an atmosphere composed of gases similar to those in which the earth is cloaked. Nor will the most sanguine believer in a race of Martians deny that this atmosphere is so thin and so rare that we of this world cannot breathe it and live. Hence the barometric pressure is so low that water boils on Mars at a temperature of 115 degrees Fahrenheit instead of the terrestrial 212 degrees. If Mars were as warm as the earth, water would boil when exposed to the sun. Strange, sporadic yellow clouds have been observed; they unmistakably point to atmospheric currents. Mists, too, have been seen at the poles. Despite clouds and mists, weather prognostications are hardly necessary. Day after day the sun beats down pitilessly. Night after night the stars gleam persistently in the cold, inky sky of the tropics. Yet this rarity of the air, this absence of tempests is no proof that life cannot exist. Animals and plants are found on some of our highest mountains where the air is not much denser than it is on Mars.

Those who oppose Lowell argue that because Mars is not protected by an atmospheric blanket as thick as that of our earth its surface temperature must be hotter than any known form of life can bear during the day, and several hundred degrees below zero during the bitter night. But Lowell's application of physical laws, coupled with what the observers agree occurs on the surface, indicates that Mars must have a mean temperature of about 48 degrees Fahrenheit; that of the earth is about 61 degrees.

Apart from such mathematical and ocular proof, the waxing and waning of the polar caps support Lowell's contention that the temperature of Mars must be sufficient to support life. What are

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the caps? Water, undoubtedly. We see the poles whiten during the bitter Martian winter, — 158 days long in the northern hemisphere, — we see the white deposit creep down until it reaches far into the temperate zone. Spring and summer come. The white areas dwindle, — shrink back to the poles and disappear.

If there is a wish to believe in the habitability of Mars on the part of a few astronomers, there is also a wish to disbelieve on the part of others. The polar caps are obviously snow or hoar frost. Like our own polar ice and snow they melt and re-form. Yet so repugnant is the idea of water on Mars that elaborate scientific papers have been written to prove that the poles must be covered with frozen carbonic acid gas during the Martian winter. When Pickering detected the dark girdle that surrounds the melting Martian caps, — evidence of liquid water gathered in marshes, — the carbonic acid gas theory was shaken, and when, finally, the spectroscope proved the actual existence of water-vapor in the Martian atmosphere, it crumbled altogether. That Mars has an atmosphere much like our own in chemical composition and that it has liquid water, — the two chemical requisites of life, — is no longer seriously disputed. Lowell used the same instruments and applied to Mars the same methods adopted by astronomers in studying other planets. If we accept these aids in deducing the conditions that must prevail on Venus, Jupiter, and other planets we must also accept them for Mars.

There are no billowing oceans on Mars, no vast inland lakes, no stupendous waterfalls, no Amazons and Mississippis. The planet is a huge desert with no elevation higher than two or three thousand feet. Its pitiful supply of water is collected at the poles. Lowell has estimated that the Earth has 189,000 times more than Mars' pittance. Pickering has calculated that if twenty feet of snow fall over a polar area, an ocean two thousand miles in diameter and only two feet deep would be formed in four of our months during the process of melting. This would be about the amount of water contained in one of our great lakes.

Imagine Europe, North and South America, Asia, and Africa reduced to this tragic pass for water. We would hoard every drop of it. We would sink our international disputes, our political jealousies and rivalries in solving the one all-absorbing economic

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problem of slaking our thirst, of growing vegetation for ourselves and our animals, of enlisting every technical aid to transport the water yielded by the melting Arctic and Antarctic snows to those regions of our temperate and torrid zones which, if properly irrigated, would still be fertile. If Mars is inhabited its people must long ago have formed an international organization to dig trenches over the whole planet in the struggle for life. What the annual inundation of the Nile was to the Egyptians for centuries, the unlocking of the polar snows must be to these hypothetical Martians.

And what do we see? Curious gossamer-like threads. In 1877 the Italian astronomer, Giovanni Schiaparelli, while engaged in a triangulation of Mars for a topographic purpose, detected them on the ochre-colored surface and called them "canali." In his own words they "seem to have been laid down by rule and compass." Schiaparelli was not the first to discover the delicate tracery of canals; yet with him began a controversy in astronomical interpretation which will probably never end until communication is established with Mars. To the Lowell school of observers the canals are all that their name implies, — enormous irrigation ditches dug on a planetary scale and therefore evidences of intelligent life. Opposed to them are astronomers who are not Martian specialists and who have advanced theories that are scientifically far more untenable than the supposition that the canals actually serve the purpose of conveying water. Meteors that once revolved near the surface of Mars and that by their passing attraction raised long straight welts; the inability of the eye to maintain its mechanism of accommodation; the vagaries of air-waves in the terrestrial atmosphere; temporary alterations of the focus of the eye; undetected astigmatism; hallucination; optical illusions, — these are but a few of the somewhat fantastic explanations advanced by those who doubted the accuracy of the maps prepared by Schiaparelli, Pickering, Lowell, and others who devoted their lives to the studying of Mars. Finally Lampland of Lowell's staff succeeded in photographing the more conspicuous canals, — a brilliant, difficult technical achievement that did much to silence opposition.

At first a few dozen of these canals were seen and sketched. By patient observation extending over two decades Lowell suc-

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ceeded in mapping several hundred of them. They are not isolated phenomena; they bear a very evident relation to the polar snows, — Mars' one source of water. As the polar snows melt, the canals creep down toward the equator at the rate of about two miles an hour. If they are artificial it would seem as if the Martian engineers are busily engaged in digging them year after year; for they come and go with the seasons. Schiaparelli provided the true explanation of their gradual renewal and extinction, — an explanation developed by Pickering and accepted by Lowell. What we see is not a canal itself but the gradually quickening vegetation that fringes its banks. On Mars stalk, leaf, and bud must await the water that flows semi-annually from the poles to the parched but still fertile regions of the ochrous desert.

To Lowell the very manner in which the canals are distributed proclaims their artificial origin. Invariably they follow great circles; in other words each canal is the shortest distance between two points. Some of them are short; others three thousand and more miles in length. Here and there from six to ten meet at centers, as deliberately as the spokes of a wheel meet the hub. Pickering, who first observed these hub-like centers called them "lakes," at a time when less was known about the distribution of Martian water. Lakes should be invariable in color; but these hub-like spots deepen in hue in a way that can be accounted for only by the growth of vegetation. Moreover, for mathematical reasons, their circular shape is as economic as the straightness of the canals themselves.

Such geometric precision of direction as the canals exhibit is hardly accidental. It strikes every thoughtful observer. Twenty years after he had first noted the canals Schiaparelli wrote: "The whole arrangement presents an indescribable simplicity and symmetry which cannot possibly be the work of chance." And Pickering, who changed his views the more he studied Mars, concluded in 1915: "we seem driven back to intelligent direction. There seems to be really no other explanation for them with the information at present at our disposal." Later he was inclined to regard them as geologic cracks, although the law of chance is decidedly against the formation of crevices of such unvarying width, of such length, and of such apparently planned accuracy.

The vast interlacing system of canals which enmeshes the

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planet and which evidently serves to connect the oases with the poles can serve but one purpose according to Lowell. Mars is a desert. If it is inhabited the melting polar seas, the only supply of water, must irrigate those regions still capable of bearing vegetation. Only a canal system conceived and constructed on a scale which dwarfs any network of irrigation ditches ever dug on this earth can save an intelligent Martian race from extinction. An inquisitive engineer has calculated that it would require about four thousand times the horse power of Niagara to pump water through this vast system of planetary ditches. Pumping is necessary because water can no more flow up hill from the poles to the equator on Mars than it can on the earth.

Lowell was not a romantically inclined amateur scientist, but a specialist in astronomy. He devoted his life and his fortune to a study of Mars in an observatory built at Flagstaff, Arizona in an almost ideal atmosphere. His observations have been confirmed for the most part by astronomers who have examined Mars under equally favorable conditions. His daring conclusion that Mars is alive and that in the changing hue of the planet and in the seasonal appearance and disappearance of the canals we have the evidence of intelligence, while not generally accepted, deserves respectful consideration because it explains convincingly and simply what actually occurs.

Suppose that we adopt Lowell's startling conviction. What manner of beings are these Martian canal-diggers? We can make a few deductions from the mere size of the planet; for important consequences follow from the relatively small mass of Mars, — one-ninth that of the earth. The attraction of gravitation must be less than it is on the larger earth. What we call a ton would weigh but a third as much on Mars. Paradoxical as it may seem, the smaller the planet the larger and more agile must be its people and the taller its grasses and trees. A Martian weighs only a third as much as he would on the earth. If he is man-like he must be three times as tall, three times as bulky, and correspondingly more efficient than any terrestrial Samson. Because of his greater stature and bulk he must have muscles twenty-seven times as effective as those of a Samson under similar gravitational conditions. But since he is on Mars, where three earthly pounds weigh but one pound, he is actually eighty-one times more

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effective. To this supposed Martian our game of tennis must seem an amiable form of ping-pong. He can drive a tennis ball two and one half times as far as an earthly champion. If he is a coal-heaver he can pick up several hundred weight and toy with it. He can do the work of fifty or sixty terrestrial laborers and throw canal-dirt in quantities that would compare favorably with those scooped by a Panama steam shovel.

Not only is he strong, if he is like a man, but vastly more intelligent. Evolution surely sways Martian as well as terrestrial life. Mars being physically older than the earth, it must have developed a high type of intelligence long before the dinosaur became extinct or man made his appearance. Probably our civilization is but a crude manifestation from the Martian standpoint. We must be even more primitive than cavemen compared with the engineers who dug Lowell's canals. In truth, we are several million years behind the Martian times. The people of Mars may well have invented, years ago, mechanical contrivances, — among them excavators, — compared with which ours seem ridiculously crude and inefficient.

To deduce the actual physical appearance of a Martian would be a matter of much bootless speculation. It is not even necessary that he should resemble man. We know too little about the chemical conditions that prevail on Mars to hazard even a guess as to the appearance of a Martian canal-digger. Moreover, man happens to conform to a very definite chemical prescription, and we have no reason to suppose that precisely the same prescription has been filled on any celestial body other than the earth. We cannot even predict what manner of creature would evolve from man if the temperature of the earth were gradually raised or lowered through ages to come, with far-reaching changes in environment to which the human organism must adapt itself. Man is the product of a unique, possibly unstable combination of chemical factors; of a whole set of circumstances so extraordinary, even in the earth's history, that it is extremely unlikely that he finds a remotely similar counterpart on Mars. Since we know so little about the conditions under which life must maintain itself on Mars it is hopeless to speculate what manner of creature is this that started to build canals millenniums ago and to begin an exciting quest of water. When we consider the terrestrial ant and

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its ways, its astonishing, instinctive sense of organization, discipline, and social coöperation, there is no reason why a Martian may not be a highly intelligent super-ant. But whatever this imaginary Martian may be his race is nearly run; for he lives, terror-stricken, upon a senile planet. To us he and his desert world constitute an awful prophecy of the tragic doom that awaits the earth and mankind.

WE ARE SO SURE

CHARLES WHARTON STORK

The Divine Intelligence
Contained in neither time nor space
Irradiates with a flood of conscious light,—
Outpulsing, returning,—
The four dimensions of the universe.

How can what is nowhere
Fill everything?
And what is free of time
Purse up the ages like a fairy wallet?
We do not know, and yet we are so sure
Of what is far more difficult,
We are so sure what right and wrong are.

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White Ibis at Cape May

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Drawings by Kentaro Kato

PHILADELPHIA was a death-chamber of heat and haze with the mercury completing a century run as I escaped for my life from the city. Arrived at Cape May I chartered a venerable trap which William Penn had probably used upon the occasion of his first visit to the Shore. In this I was conveyed by slow degrees to a tiny hostelry at the end of the board-walk where the food is good and the beach deserted. Fifteen minutes later I dived through the tingling surf and swam out until the gay clamor of the upper beach died away to a murmur and I lay cradled among the rocking outer swells.

Overhead a laughing-gull with black head and pearl-gray wings swept by in a long curve, the very perfection of motion. Once a Wilson's tern, that swift swallow of the sea, hovered high in the sky and then turning up his white forked tail shot down through the air in a dive which pierced the water clean as the point of a dropped knife. A moment later a little flight of pale-gray sanderlings whizzed past me so close that I could feel the driven air from

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their whirring wings. Turning over on my back, I floated and drowsed in the swinging swells of crystalline jade until the beat of the sun on my face sent me under for coolness. Stretching my arms straight above my head I sank down, down, through a miracle of changing greens. Sea-green just below the surface, the tint deepened to turquoise-green, then to that blue-emerald shade which artists call veronise, then to the gleaming tint of green jasper and finally, as the light began to fade, to a deep peacock-green.

Down in that sanctuary of the sea there was an indescribable invigorating coolness and I came up reluctantly, regretting that I could not stay under for eight minutes like a beaver or for the hour which a whale can remain away from the outer air. A little later, I went down again. This time when I reached the surface and swam farther out, a shrill whistle from the shore cut through the quiet of the rocking water and the faint, far-away murmur of voices seemed to increase to a distant shout. From the summit of a swell I could see that the beach was suddenly black with little moving figures. Then, as I swam lazily on, vaguely wondering why a crowd should invade our beach, a rough voice of incredible volume sounded close to my startled ears.

"Hey!" it bellowed, "you come in. Whad'd'yer mean stayin' out here scarin' everybody?"

Then into the short range of my near-sighted eyes swam a freckled giant in a red bathing-suit with "Life Guard" strung out across his broad chest in staring white letters. Back of him were two other swimmers towing a life-buoy, and in the middle distance others rowing a life-boat. It was a most lifelike scene.

"If you're drownin' catch hold of that buoy," commanded the giant. "If not, you come in with me and see the Chief."

I indignantly refused the life-buoy as well as a place in the life-boat and vainly tried to match my breast-stroke against the guard's crawl on the way back to the beach. As I swam I remembered a disturbing paragraph I had read in some newspaper about a reckless swimmer who had recently been haled away to jail by life-guards who, according to the account, seem to possess in New Jersey all the rights of high, middle, and low justice.

As we landed I could see a long string of people hurrying down from the larger hotels to our humble end of the board-walk.

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"They ain't got him," puffed an old lady with a pair of the largest marine-glasses in captivity, contentedly.

"I distinctly saw him go down for the third time an' it was me who yelled 'man drownin'' to the life-guard," she continued. "The body'll come up and float on to the beach in about three days. That's the time it always takes."

"I was de guy what runned up and got dem fellows to man de life-boat," jealously claimed a panting small boy whom I disliked at sight.

All further conversation was stopped by a shout, "The pulmotor's coming." Down the beach trotted two plump and comely nurses in crisp white uniforms carrying between them a diabolical machine of steel and rubber.

"They can pump life into 'em with that when they've been dead for hours and hours," I heard a flapper with a tennis racket tell her escort. In my mind's eye I saw myself held down by force before a vast crowd while relays of nurses pumped life into me for hours and hours, and I tried to mingle unobtrusively with the other bathers, — but it was not to be.

"You come along," said my captor sternly. The crowd shrank back leaving me shrinking and alone.

"That's the feller what was drowned," observed the lady, fat, forty, and freckled in an annette to an angular friend of about the same age who was engaged in jumping up and down in the surf. The latter regarded me disapprovingly.

"Well he orter've been," she remarked with a final bound.

I followed my guide despondingly to where the Chief, another son of Anak, was holding court beneath a monster red umbrella. To him came all his henchmen, the swimmers, the rowers, the buoy-bearers, and the pulmotorists. One and all they bore testi-

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mony to the exceeding speed with which they had wrought to save a human life and the undeniable and damning facts that I had neither drowned nor allowed myself to be rescued. I tried to explain to the Caliph that I could swim for hours in any reasonable sea and to express my appreciation of what his cohorts had been ready to do for me. He heard me frowningly and then proceeded to pass sentence.

"If I ever find you swimmin' out and scarin' innocent women and children again it'll be thirty days for yours," he announced. "An old man like you oughter be ashamed to play the goat like that."

The crowd shrank away from me as from a leper and as I slunk along the beach to my sequestered bath-house I could hear them explaining the situation to late-comers who continued to hurry down the beach.

"Drownin' nothin'," said one wag. "It was just a poor feller with a thirst who swam out beyond the three-mile-limit for a bottle. The life-guards they see him through a spy-glass an' row out an' caught him. He fought like a tiger but they got it away from him."

The finishing touch was when I was confronted at my bath-house by a reporter.

"You're the gentleman who rescued the drowning man, — your age, address, and photograph," he demanded sternly.

"You have it wrong," I snarled. "I'm not the rescuer, I'm the decomposed and badly mangled corpse," and I slammed the bath-house door in his face.

That evening I retired alone to the end of the pier to listen to the music in the twilight and forget the sorrow and shame of the day.

Above a dusked violet sea swung a moon of orange flame whose light made a path of pale gold across the water to where sea and sky met. Every ten seconds the red eye of Breakwater Light peered above the horizon to see whether all was well with the sea. The lights of the hotels and the piers burned in joined patches of apricot-yellow with points of brilliant gold flame where the arc-lamps of the board-walk shone at intervals. Over the charcoal-black beach creamed a surf white as milk with a muffled crash like far-away thunder.

In the ball-room the orchestra had stopped playing jazz and

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suddenly the strains of that old waltz, "Love's Dreamland," floated through the warm air and I remembered that I had danced to those soft throbbing notes in the year of the Spanish War, 1898, a quarter of a century ago. Immediately that twenty-five-year-old tune gave me a feeling of extreme age. I began to view myself as broken, decrepit, senile. No wonder the Caliph had commented upon my advanced years. Probably in a few months at most I would get out only in a wheel-chair. It was at this moment, trembling and broken, that I suddenly received a resounding slap on the back and looked up to see the Naturalist's sun-burned face shining into mine like Breakwater Light. Before I could warn him about my senescence I was smitten on the other side by the Native and heard the voice of the Botanist booming from the background —

"Here's the young sport just gettin' ready to dance."

"We identified fifty different kinds of birds today," shrilled the Native.

"Four wood ibis have been seen," whispered the Naturalist impressively, "the first ever reported in New Jersey."

"Love's Dreamland" throbbed on unheeded. My senectitude dropped from me like a garment.

"You fellows stop for me at eight sharp," I found myself saying in even less than middle-aged accents. "We'll look into this ibis business. Probably they were egrets or young blue herons in white summer plumage. If you found any fifty different kinds of birds, you old rascal," I went on addressing the Native, "I'll get sixty."

We four had hunted birds and flowers on Cape May lo! these many years and although I say so, as one of those who shouldn't, we have many a rare find to our credit. It was our quartette who discovered there a stand of one hundred of the cranesfly orchid (*Tipularia discolor*) the largest number of that second rarest orchid in America ever reported; we, it was, who found the first Louisiana heron ever seen in New Jersey; the first yellow-throated warbler; the first Arkansas kingbird, and other discoveries dear to the hearts of nature-lovers too numerous to mention. The Native who lives there all the year round is the fountain-head of information about Cape May and its inhabitants both wild and tame, and it is always a pleasure to go explor-

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ing with him as well as in company with those learned pundits, the Naturalist and the Botanist.

In the dusk before the dawn the next morning, I heard the mellow wood-wind notes of a cat-bird from a bayberry bush just under my pillow. Next came the lilting "witchery-witchery-witchery" of a Maryland yellow-throat; then the wheezing notes of a song-sparrow and finally, just as the eastern sky began to glow, the silver strain of the field-sparrow, simple, direct, and exquisite as the two golden fluted notes of the wood-thrush.

I was still at the breakfast table investigating a covey of wheat-cakes when the trio burst in on me. Five minutes later we were plodding across the waste of salt meadows and marshes which lie between the Inlet and the Beach. In July Cape May is the Mecca of beach-birds on their way south, and not half a mile from the house we found the mud banks of a little salt-water pond fairly crowded with them. Back from the shore were those little sandpipers, the semi-palmated, and farther out on the beach, flocks of least sandpipers. One of the problems of bird-study is the distinguishing of a semi-palmated sandpiper from his smaller brother, the least. He who can do that, like him who can tell in migration the olive-backed from the gray-cheeked thrush or the Lincoln finch from the song-sparrow, is of the initiate.

Today, with high-powered glasses, we studied long both those perplexing little beach-birds, and for the benefit of others who, like myself, may have found it impossible to tell the two apart, let me set down here the differences we discovered. In the first place, as its name denotes, the least is slightly smaller than the semi-palmated, — two inches to be exact. Only, however, when seen side by side are these inches apparent. The semi-palmated has black legs as contrasted with the flesh-colored legs of the least. Moreover, the semi-palmated when feeding, gives a crooning little note while the least seems always to be silent.

The least is almost a miniature of his bigger brother, the pectoral sandpiper or hay-bird, which we also saw feeding at that same pool with his dusky black breast streaked with brown and buff, light bill and brown back. He is called the hay-bird because he feeds on the "black grass," a marsh grass which the farmers used to cut for bedding in July, the month in which the sandpiper arrives from the North.

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The least sandpiper is usually confined to mud-flats while the semi-palmated is also found feeding on sandy beaches. Probably the two can be best distinguished by their general color-schemes, the semi-palmated showing gray and the least, brown, on close inspection, — the semi-palmated being the lighter of the two.

By the same pool where the sandpipers were feeding stood a brave lesser yellow-legs with one leg broken by some sneaking, law-breaking gunner. His field-mark was a white patch on the rump which showed as he lighted. Like the solitary and spotted sandpipers, which were stationed near him, he dipped as he fed. Occasionally he would stop feeding and give a sweet plaintive call as if trying to tell his lost mate of his trouble. As we watched the birds the Naturalist pointed out that the spots on a solitary sandpiper are white and those on the spotted sandpiper black, and that the latter shows a white stripe on its wings in flight which is absent in the solitary.

The last of the beach birds we saw was that chubby bird, the dowitcher, with a long bill which much resembles the woodcock. Indeed his family ranks next to that of Philohela, the clan of the woodcock. This one was probing with its long bill in the mud quite as the woodcock would do, and when it flew it showed a dark upper and a silver-gray lower back, while its breast was of a pale reddish-brown.

From this salt-marsh pool, so crowded with interesting migrants, we crossed the meadows to another of about the same size showing in the waving grass like silver set in jade. On the way we heard the unmistakable "see-lick, see-lick" of that rare sparrow, the Henslow, and caught a single glimpse of the furtive little black-striped bird. On the way we found a young fish-hawk in the meadow looking at us fiercely out of his red eyes. There was no fish-hawk's nest near, and how this bird, apparently too young to fly, ever reached such a spot was a mystery which none of us could fathom. As soon as we let him go he scurried away on his great white feet into the deep grass where we could see his black head and mottled plumage showing against the green.

In the middle distance a quail whistled, an orchard oriole gave his soft liquid call, and a little green heron flapped by, while on a dead tree near by a black-crowned night-heron in full plumage made a brave show. In order that all varieties might be repre-

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sented, a pure white heron flew by overhead, the same being a little blue heron in the white plumage which he wears when he comes north in the summer.

Across the beach we could see in the blue water a string of six porpoises shiny black, as if made of patent leather, rolling and bounding through the water in single file. At the sight the Native was moved to tell of porpoise-hunts of his boyhood when a whole herd would be driven into a trap following the leader, who was always allowed to escape, like sheep. Once trapped they were slaughtered like cattle for their beef, oil, and hides.

According to the Native a porpoise will live for over a day out of water, is able to whistle shrilly, and has flesh which tastes like coarse beef.

From porpoise-hunting the Native discoursed on the duck-hunts of his youth and complained of the fact that a steady job and a large family had spoiled what he described modestly as the best duck-hunter in New Jersey. He was just telling us of that wild November night when four hundred brant were killed against Mochapongo Light, when his narrative was interrupted by a shout from the Naturalist.

"White ibis!" he bellowed pointing to the sky.

Against a gray cloud four great birds were coming down the wind. They had white backs, white black-tipped wings, long dark necks, and olive-colored bills while their legs stretched out straight and stiff behind as they flew. I tried to remember where before I had seen such black and white birds against a gray sky. Then it came to me that the white ibis is the bird that one sees painted so often on Japanese panels.

Today these four beat their way across the sky with a flight-formula which consisted of four flaps and a sail. Larger than the white herons, they were not quite so large as the great blues and had a strange exotic appearance and manner unlike any other bird we had ever known in America. More than any other American bird they resemble the storks of Europe to which they are closely related.

One after the other they alighted in a marshy pool just ahead of us and began to feed, marching four abreast through the shallow water. As they walked they would thrust their half-open beaks into the pool stirring up the mud first with one foot and

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then with the other. They had a quaint way of raising one great wing at a time to balance themselves and when their long, slender legs became stuck in the mud would flap themselves loose.

For a long half-hour we studied them carefully through our high-powered glasses. Many times before in the happy hunting-grounds of Cape May we had identified unusual birds both northern and southern such as snow-buntings, Ipswich sparrows, white egrets, mocking-birks, pigeon-hawks, bald eagles, and a host of other rarities but we were all agreed that the wood ibis of that July day was our high-water mark. What happy accident had driven them north from their Florida bayous we have never determined.

At last, in our thirst for knowledge, we approached the quartette too closely. With a funny little double jump from both feet they launched themselves into the air, their bald heads showing at close range like turkeys, and flapped away across the leaden sky. Not once had we heard them make a sound and the Naturalist told us that the wood ibis has no note.

After their departure we left the marshes and walked down the beach to the old light-house whose base was built in 1799 and finished, as it stands today, in the fifties. Beside it stood a water-tower on which swung carven wooden doors taken from some forgotten church. Although they were painted a glaring green yet the color could not conceal their beautiful lines and graceful ornamentation done in the days when men took the time to do good work.

Beyond the light-house we went botanizing and the Naturalist discovered that that eastern cactus, the prickly pear, was indigenous to Cape May, by the simple process of sitting down on one. He arose suddenly and profanely and showed a regrettable lack of scientific interest in the discovery. Cautiously dusting off tiny patches of spines we sampled the wine-red fruit of this cactus and found that they tasted much like pomegranates with a slight flavor of the mangosteen. At least the Botanist, who has been a great globe-trotter, said so. Never having picked a pomegranate and not knowing a mangosteen from a catamaran, I can only speak from hearsay on this point. To me they tasted like slightly sweetened water. Beyond the prickly pears the grass was full of

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that pink gentian, the sabbatia, which had a scent like sandal-wood.

That afternoon we walked in the other direction clear to the Breakwater. All the way along the beach flocks of pale sanderlings scurried back and forth upon the wet sand keeping just ahead of the in-coming waves.

The Breakwater itself was a cyclopean construction built of enormous boulders, slabs, and squares of stone which ran half a mile or so straight out to sea. It did not seem possible that human hands could ever have heaped together such a pile.

When at last we reached the end of this great causeway and sat down to rest on a block of stone the size of a small house, we saw skimming over the water, a sooty brown bird with a short bill and black legs. Now and then it pattered along the surface of the water with its webbed feet. It was none other than Leach's petrel, which takes its name from Peter, who also in his day walked the water. I had never seen a petrel before and for a long half-hour watched this one with that intense interest which a bird-student always feels at the sight of a new bird. Farther north above New York is the Wilson's petrel, which is sooty-black instead of sooty-brown, but around Cape May the Leach's petrel so far as I know, is the only species found.

The sun had set in a sea of molten gold before we left the Breakwater and under a black-violet sky flecked with flaming stars like a vast over-turned bowl of far, evanescent beauty, we came back from the wild-folk to where the crowded tame-folk dwell.

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A NEW ITALIAN JOURNEY

Extracts from a Diary, August, 1923

J. St. Loe Strachey

I — *The Barca.*

SESTRI–LEVANTE in the summer is essentially a bathing place. There resort many well-to-do Italian families of the old nobility. It is not so fashionable as the Lido, nor so popular as Viareggio (a kind of Brighton and Margate mixed), but a "good form" watering-place. Certainly the said families seem very nice and are very good to look at. The children are divine, and the grown-up young people friendly, good-tempered, un-self-conscious, and excellent swimmers. One gets in fact a delightful sense of Italian family life. The papas and mamas may incline to stoutness, but it does not prevent the former from taking back-somersault headers off a twenty foot pierhead!

Now the chief fact about the bathing life and organisation is the Barca. She dominates it. The Barca is the Queen of the bathing part of the Bay. We left her so when we were here ten years ago and we find her as firm in her place as ever, now that we are back again. She is moored at the end of the short little pier in deep water and a rope of about fifty or sixty yards long attaches her to the pierhead and enables timid swimmers to reach her as by a rail. She is a country craft painted outside white and green with a line of black, and a kind of deep salmon pink inside. Her figure is not unlike that of the lady in Congreve's poem:

"Of size she is not tall or short,
And does to fat incline
Only in what the French do call
Aimable en-bon-point."

That is a polite way of saying she is tubby. Her beam is about half her length and her prow and stern are both rounded. She has a tall mast, a good deal aslant, and a long boom braced up to about four or five feet above the taff-rail. She is not decked, but has very easily sloping sides so that she resembles a very large open rowing-boat, and there is room in her for plenty of bathers to sit in the sun and gossip, and dry off, and take headers off her

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sides or off the little wooden staircase which conducts to her bulwarks. She is a most comfortable place to sit about in and often has twenty or thirty bathers perched in her taking their amphibious ease. And a very beautiful picture they make, — the young men like bronze statues with their tight-fitting white caps, and the girls with handkerchiefs on their heads all the colors of the rainbow. Thus to bathers and spectators on the shore she, the Barca, is always the centre of attraction. Everyone automatically makes for the Barca directly after he or she has taken to the water and made the first plunge.

The Barca, like all ladies and most ships, has a special character, and in her case a very odd one. When we were last here she suddenly disappeared. The bathers were in despair. She went off in the night as ladies of her kind always do. What was to be done? The bathing was spoiled. The glory of Sestri-Levante had departed.

I joined in a kind of informal deputation to the Innkeeper to ask what had happened and to demand her instant recall and restoration. And then we made a most amazing discovery. Apparently she did not, as we had presumed, belong to the hotel. Our host spoke in a perfectly detached way about her. He was sorry, but it was obvious he did not feel the slightest responsibility, only a kind of historic interest. He could, at any rate, throw no light on the situation. At the end of the interview, however, he suddenly dropped into a kind of pensive, almost aloof tone, and uttered, as if thinking aloud, the following oracular remark, "They were saying that she has already gone to Elba." Gone to Elba! Then we were indeed undone. She could not possibly be back till we had left. We had seen the last of the Barca and the bathing had lost all its poetry and romance. But the end was not yet. That very afternoon I happened to take a boat and prowled about the harbor, looking at the strange local craft, — all green, and gold, and blue, and black. There was one biggish ship lying at her moorings, a tramp steamer out of Leghorn or Naples. She towered up like a Leviathan among minnows. For some strange whim I insisted on rowing round her, and there lurking like a thief was the Barca. She had struck her mast and adopted one or two other "stagey," conventional disguises, but there was no mistaking her. It was the Barca all right, though in

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blue spectacles, passing locally, no doubt, under some such name as the "*Angelica Mortuomare.*"

I was greatly moved, rowed home, and burst into the bureau, and flushed with excitement announced that I had found the Barca. She hadn't gone to Elba, was in no fit state to go there, but was lying in compromising, not to say disreputable, circumstances, in a corner of the harbor. "Can't you," I exclaimed, "get her back and give hope once more to us bathers?" or words to that effect. The gentlemen of the bureau said little, but they exchanged glances as if to say, "Well I never! The cunning old thing! How like her! How disgraceful!" To me, however, the Chief only said with what Herman Melville calls the vague reserve of heaven, "Perhaps then she will be back tomorrow. I shall see; but certainly Wednesday morning." Actually it was Wednesday afternoon. By the time the hotel lunch was over she was back, just as if nothing had happened, and the guests who were not in the know only said, "She must be a wonderfully quick sailer to do Elba and back under a week." But I who knew seemed to catch a sort of defiant tone in her roll, — "Well, what about it? What if I did? Have you never had a spree?" That was what I learned from her bobbing up and down and her sideways lurch in the water.

So much for 1913. But the singular thing was that there was just such another episode in 1923. The spree habit had survived the Great War. It happened that a day or two after we arrived this year there was a regatta with illuminations and fireworks, — quite charming these, — but on the race day the Barca was gone, and no trace. Persons who prided themselves on their wit jestingly declared she had entered for one of the sailing races and was being got up to win in a neighboring cover. But, of course, that could not be!

The regatta was a curious water frolic and difficult to follow. At first all sorts of boats and small yachts rushed up and down the harbor at full tilt and seemed quite proud of remaining unrammed by each other. Then without any particular signal all the craft of all sorts and sizes gathered at about two miles out in the bay and there remained in a sort of rocking bunch or "grumous mass." Boats darted in and out continually, but the swarm of small vessels and boats remained locked in a fast embrace.

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There was a good deal of movement within the swarm, but only of a circulatory kind. The only thing I could compare it with was the Caucus Race in Alice in Wonderland. There everybody ran about till they were too tired to go on.

Suddenly at about five the mass broke up and everybody hurried home and tied up at the quay or cast down their little anchors and began to get ready for the illuminations and "Procession of Decorated Boats" timed for eight. As yet no sign of the Barca. The procession was like the race. There was no order of any kind, but only a vague, tumultuary movement. At last, however, we saw Chinese lanterns being lighted in great numbers. Then out of the illuminated darkness three stout vessels lurched very slowly forward. As they rolled towards us in a kind of wavy zigzag we saw to our consternation that the middle one was the Barca, got up like a sort of blousy "Bride of the Ocean." She was literally crammed full of people, most of them musicians, and they made a noise mighty even for an Italian popular *festa*. There were abundant signs of food and drink on board in act of consumption, and the mast was fairly straight, but the boom and every other place was covered with highly-colored lanterns. As she proceeded on her way she pitched and rolled and showed her fat sides. She was deep down in the water for she had seventy people aboard if she had one. Looking at her it was difficult to believe that she was not in liquor, so untidy and dishevelled and bedevilled did she appear. I had never before turned away in shame from an inanimate object. The illusion of a woman whom you knew and rather liked making a hopeless exhibition of herself on the Marine Parade at Brighton was so strong that one had to pinch oneself to get rid of it. The old tub was so crowded that she looked like the mediaeval picture of "Ye Shippe of Fooles." Further, she was towed forward by a wretched sweating little row-boat. The thing looked like Falstaff being led up Cheapside by his tiny page. But happily the incident did not last long. It was soon drowned in the fireworks.

Next day, however, the illusion was maintained in a most uncanny way. All one day she lay just off her right position utterly dismantled. She seemed to have lost all her belongings as well as her place on the bay. The next day, however, a fisherman and his mate took nearly all day to get her back into her proper

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position. We watched the proceeding with hot cheeks. It can only be described as a flagrant example of what funny people mean when they talk about "the morning after the night before." Truly it was a piteous spectacle. I am sure, however, that if after another ten years I revisit Sestri the Barca will be there and at her old games. That sort of creature never really reforms and settles down or "gives it up once and for all." It is always too late for them to repent. Like Falstaff again they have not the strength to repent!

II — *Genoa the Superb.*

It is early morning, about six. We are just entering the harbor of Genoa. There is no approach to any city that I have ever seen which can compare with that to Genoa; — unless, indeed, it is New York. That is no doubt the most tremendous and amazing land-fall on the face of the globe. But while it fascinates, it is in a sense intolerable, which Genoa could never be. She holds the golden mean between grandeur and a happy charm. The scene in that deep blue Mediterranean bay is set for a glorious *festa*, for delight, for pleasure, for satisfaction. It was the Titans who designed the sea-front of Manhattan Island, or else some spirit of uneasy mind like Gin, who for his restlessness and uncontrollableness of heart was sealed up in the bottle and buried under the waves. There is nothing exactly sinister, or gloomy, or infernal about New York; but it is adamantine, strenuous, athletic, and there is in it always the note of the Terribilita. It invites you to the arena of life, to the dust and sweat and agony of those who contend in the Palestra of human effort. Genoa the gracious Lady of the Waters asks you to lay your hand in hers and she will show you all the glories of the earth and sky. The blue waves laugh before her, and as they sparkle in the sun's ardent beams, sing her praises. Behind her rise the purple-grey Apennines. Like faded violets in hue they barricade the horizon. Up their foothills climb the giant houses of the city as did those of Tyre. It is magnificent, grandiose, full of pomp and splendor, yet never oppressive, never out of proportion, never out of scale, never wild, or eccentric, or capable of awakening the spirit of contempt.

Genoa supports grandly the sovereign words of interpretation for all Italy, — the word fit to be written over every gate of land

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or sea by which you enter the enchanted and enchanting land, but most of all over that of her whom all the world acclaims as La Superba. That word is magnanimity, — great-heartedness. Italy is the place of the great-souled, of the noble, of the ingenuous, the undefeated, the undismayed. Italy has always saved herself and will continue to save herself by this quality. She cannot be mean, or petty, or ignoble. In pain and in sorrow, in tumult and in poverty, in disorder of mind and body, even under the heel of a foreign tyrant, she has always kept her dignity of demeanor.

The Italian aspires not only to do great things, but to do them in the great way, whether it be to build a church, a hospital, or a railway station, paint a picture, or write an ode. Picturesqueness and the refinement of miniature work, — these appeal to him very little. He wants the big brush, the big canvas. What Sir Thomas Browne so well called "the wild enormities of ancient magnanimity" inspire no fears in his mind. The grandiose does not alarm him, but only the little and the sordid.

This great-heartedness is shown very clearly not only in Italian manners, which have always been the most stately and full-sweeping in the world, but in the Italian titles and the Italian language. For example, the great officials of Venice were content with no less a title than that of "Magnifico," and it is from the Italian *lingua franca* of the Levant that we get such formulas as the "Grand Seigneur" and "the Sublime Porte." It is, however, in architecture, which is essentially the Italian art, that the magnanimity of the Italian is clearest.

Nothing is too big, or bold, or splendid, for the Italians to attempt in stone or in brick. Where ordinary mortals build a shed, the Italians rear a palace. The sightseer who wanders to the back of St. Peter's in order to get a side-view of how Michael Angelo hung the Pantheon in heaven, will realize what I mean, provided he looks down into the huge foundations of St. Peter's. There he will see displayed a sort of giant's version of a London "area." The foundations seize the earth in a kind of Titanic grasp which makes one feel, to quote Sir Thomas Browne once more, that "man is a noble animal." Rome, indeed, is full of Italian magnanimity in stone. St. Peter's and the Vatican are no exceptions, but simply examples. The Colosseum and the Pantheon stand to show that the ancient Roman masons and archi-

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tects were never content unless they could "lick creation." The modern Italian is quite as determined to do his bit greatly.

When the Italians entered Rome in 1870 they were as a nation exceedingly poor. They had the biggest debt per head in Europe, they had a greatly depreciated paper currency, and the Italian people were groaning under the heaviest load of taxation in Europe. All this, one might suppose, would have made the Government keep off expensive bricks and mortar in a city already filled with glorious buildings, a city which needed no adornment from modern hands. Not a bit of it! The first thing that the Italian Government did was to build the biggest treasury in the world, — to match, said cynical critics, the biggest national indebtedness. It is true that they only built in brick and stucco, and in a style of architecture which can hardly be called satisfactory, — that of the Third Empire. Nevertheless, up went a building which by a foot or two beats the Vatican itself for size, and must be admitted to be a potent and sound piece of work in spite of its obvious faults.

Perhaps one of the most complete examples of the passion for great-hearted buildings in Italy is afforded by the little city of Parma. Parma was never a great State, nor had it ever great rulers or great artists, except Correggio. Yet the people of Parma were always at it with the trowel and chisel. The brick arcades of Parma's sixteenth-century palace made me uncover my head and bend my knee to the shades of their noble creators. The brickwork here can only be described as glorious. But Parma (like every other Italian town) at some one special point strives to reach the architectural limit. In this case it is the theatre, — a theatre built for a Royal marriage, but a theatre which holds four thousand people. It is true that a great many of the adornments are pasteboard. You see huge statues which look very well from the pit or stalls or their equivalents, but which, when you get up close, are only a quarter of an inch thick. Half the balustrades and architectural features, indeed, are either pasteboard or painted in chiaroscuro on lath and plaster backgrounds. For all that, the building is in conception magnificent.

When Napoleon's Marie Louise went to live in Parma one would have thought the authorities would have had no difficulty in housing her in the old palace. But that would not do at all.

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They built for her the very coquettish, but also very large, "Neo-Grec" *palazzo*, — now, if I remember rightly, the home of the Prefect. Near this palace is a church of about 1730 or so, which, though it has no particular architectural *raison d'être*, is quite splendid in its proportions. Outside Parma also there happens to be a large fort, but without any special history or importance. Yet any historian whose mind is attuned to understand bricks and mortar might deduce from it the whole spirit of the Italian people. The gates and ditches, ravelins, curtains, and horn-works, as Uncle Toby would say, all breathe forth magnanimity.

CARGOES

MEDORA ADDISON

Not with the jeweled cargoes they have sought,
Do ships bear home to port with slanting sails
And holds agleam with treasure safely brought
Through tranquil seas and unrecorded gales.
No eager watchers throng the harborside
To cheer their brave return; no bells are ringing
As, splendidly upon the filling tide
With flash of spray, the giant birds come winging.

But slowly do they creep to port with spars
And ragged sails awry. The seagulls scream
Above their cluttered decks and scornful stars
Alone recall the beauty of their dream.
Bearing the scar of bitter storms, they bring
No cargoes home to crown their voyaging.

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AFTER THE CONVENTIONS

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

AMERICA is a democracy in which the business man has more influence than in any other country in the world. Today the business interests are in unchecked control of the Republican Party, which is not only bad for the party but also for business. The party has not only got away from the principles of Lincoln and Roosevelt, but from the very tenets that made it a cohesive organization. Disregard of the policy of conservation of natural resources and failure to punish the offenders are examples in point.

THE campaign of 1924 will be notable, among other things probably, for the fact that when the conventions had been held and the candidates nominated, large groups of voters, — almost all the Progressive Party of 1912, — were unrepresented by any ticket. The detonations in Cleveland and New York, instead of serving to draw the lines and join the issues, have apparently let loose political subdivisions that had previously been regarded as somewhat fixed. Particularly is this true of the progressive element in the Republican Party. It did not need the statements attributed to both the managers and the candidate of the party, printed in despatches from Cleveland and Washington, to the effect that the Progressives were to be treated in this campaign as a negligible quantity, to show the attitude of the administration and the party management. The speeches of the temporary and permanent chairmen and the platform itself verbosely announced that none but reactionaries would find hope and consolation within the party lines.

A pathetic incident, speaking volumes, was the cavalier treatment of the old man who had voted in 1860 to nominate Lincoln, when he tried to tell the Republicans of 1924 of the spirit that animated the convention that selected the first Republican President. It hardly needed this sombre touch to show how far the party had got away from Lincoln with his great love for the plain people, not to speak of Roosevelt and his burning indignation against political corruption.

Unless there is some greater wisdom than lies on the surface, and unless there is greater political astuteness in the management than has yet appeared to the naked eye, the present program would seem to be fraught with dangers that may affect the very existence of the party. That this is not merely the opinion of the

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alarmist or of the partisan is shown by the fact that two years ago conservative and progressive leaders of the highest standing agreed that the party would face a crisis in the campaign of 1924, and this was at a time when no one dreamed that revelations of corruption and incompetence would drive two members of the Cabinet out of office and would lead to the probable indictment of a third. Since then a settled policy of the Government, the conservation of our natural resources, has been disregarded and those who led the attack in favor of large business interests have either been dismissed with kind and commendatory words, recognized as important influences in the party, or allowed to continue in office. In other words, the party has not only got away from the principles of Lincoln and Roosevelt, but it has cut loose from the very tenets that made it a cohesive organization.

This disorganization and lack of party spirit, — for the essence of party spirit is that there shall be punishment for those who have betrayed the party, — was evidenced in many ways at the Cleveland gathering. Not only was there no reprimand for those who had brought disgrace and dishonor, but the friend and attorney of one of the disgraced Cabinet ministers was made the chairman of the important committee on rules, with the result that the possibility of the convention being a forum for the discussion of principles was at an end.

It would be a mistake to assume that party discipline was not exercised and punishment meted out. But strangely enough the punishment was visited, not on those who had betrayed the party or shown personal dishonesty, but on those Congressional leaders, principally conservatives, who had disagreed with the administration and the business interests of the country on several economic and fiscal matters. To say that Senator Lodge was publicly humiliated at a Republican convention controlled by conservatives and that Senators Wadsworth and Smoot were snubbed, is to recite what even a few months ago would have been considered the grossest improbability.

Thus we see the Republican Party, as it is today constituted, divided into three camps, with two of them openly repudiated by the administration and the candidate's manager; the Progressives, or the Roosevelt following as it may be called, taking the attitude that the party cannot move forward until the adminis-

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tration has shown itself worthy of public support by the punishment of those elements that have been responsible for corruption; the middle-of-the-road conservatives, whose attitude on corruption is somewhat foggy but who insist on their right to disagree with the President; and the ultra-conservatives who apparently assume that party precedents, party leaders, and party principles may all be changed at the behest of the business interests.

The situation is interesting, to say the least. America is a democracy in which the business man has more influence than in any other country in the world, and at no time in history has the commercial class had the preponderating influence that it has had here. It was this very fact that led to abuses and it was part of the greatness of Theodore Roosevelt that he checked abuses at a time when, if allowed to go unchecked, they might have brought down serious consequences on the heads of those who were most profiting by them.

The business interests are today in unchecked control of the Republican Party, and my contention is that this condition is not only bad for the party but also for business. Lest this be assumed to be the opinion of one man alone, let me quote from two men who are surely competent to speak for business. The first of these is Mr. Dwight W. Morrow, a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company, the friend and advisor of Mr. Coolidge, but not conspicuous in Cleveland when the business interests took over the Republican Party. Several times in the past few issues of THE FORUM I have referred to his introduction to Professor Morse's book on politics. It is not so much what Mr. Morrow says himself as what he quotes commendingly that indicates why he should be among the first to see the folly of a business faction or bloc within the party insisting on a policy of rule or ruin. Quoting Morse's own words as applying to himself, Mr. Morrow says, "For the divine right to rule, whether claimed by king, parliament, or party, he substituted the divine, indefeasible right of the people to grow."

And again he quotes, this time from the Farewell Address of Washington: "The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government. All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations,

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under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberations of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle and of fatal tendency."

The second business man is Mr. Otto Kahn of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Company. Writing in 1919 on "Roosevelt and Business" Mr. Kahn pointed out that the great Progressive, despite the fact that he had been a sharp critic of many men of large affairs, was "a true friend of business." Mr. Kahn continues:

> "He saw that business had grown to exercise excessive and, in certain aspects, almost uncontrolled power, and he knew that such power, whenever, wherever, and by whomsoever exercised, breeds abuses and is a menace to the State and in the unavoidably resulting ultimate consequences, a grave danger to the class that wields it.
>
> "He determined to challenge that power, to impose reasonable restraints and regulations upon it. He was convinced that if it were left to run its course unchecked, the inevitable result, in due course of time, would be a violent reaction against it, big with the potentialities of great harm to the legitimate interests of business as well as to the people at large and to American institutions."

Surely these are important and truthful words, which not only business men, but all Americans, should ponder when we see those in control of a great party endeavoring to bend that party to the slightest whim of business, and saying not one indignant word against the corrupt and evil practices of those whom it should scourge.

Conventions do not change eternal principles. The honor of American business is that, in times of stress, when its own interest would have been in clash with the principles of liberty, democracy, and truth, it has sacrificed interest to principle. But convention or no convention, or let there be a thousand conventions, honesty and unselfishness must still be the foundations of our government.

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CRECY

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Over against us flowers of France
Cinched the saddle and couched the lance,
Shed the blue-and-golden cloaks,
Steel-naked sat like straight young oaks;
The silver men of trumpets told
Their highborn tales of blue and gold.

Under the lilies of great France
Good cause had man and horse to prance!
Thewed of the best the world can yield
Of choicest meats and fruits of field;
The cream of the earth had reared them up,
Story and glory and golden cup!

We set our teeth along our jaws
And chose the arrow free of flaws,
Smoothed our russet jerkins down,
And tried the yewbow with a frown.
The arrow on the string we laid
To still the song our temples made.

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We were only Englishmen
Mucked with mire of the fen,
Crookt of knee from treading on
The rolling furrows from the dawn,
Thickset from wrestling stone and tree,
Knuckled as the blackthorns be.

We had no trumpets to sing our worth,
But all the red lusts of the earth,
Hedgerose, red oak, corn, and briar
Filled us with the strength of fire,
And love of children, larks, and ale,
And blue-eyed wives sang like a gale.

A sudden all the lances leant
As if a gale a forest bent,
Helm to helm and knee to knee
They came upon us like the sea.
The sunset on their glory burned,
The hills to thunder din they churned.

Side by side without a break,
Their beauty make a man's heart ache!
Kingly horses, kingly men,
A sight beyond our mortal ken,
They swept at us all heart and fire . . .
It made us hold our heads the higher.

We saw the flutings on their gear
As we drew the bowstrings to the ear
And lunged and leapt with wolfish yell
To give our shafts the sting of hell,
And up our arrows swarmed together,
Tip to tip and feather to feather.

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The shadow of their sighing flight
Fell across the ebbing light,
Then the sun came out again,
And they went down like slanting rain
Falling in long lines of gold
Upon the kingly wave that rolled.

Clash and clangor, squealing shock!
Sickened men and horses rock,
Heels for heads come staggering,
Then down they go with splintering
Of lances broken off like straw
Where dusty men and horses paw.

Over and under the clawing arms
Clutch and saw at the wood that harms
The marrow and blood in the pith of them,
Visors are wearing the clothyard stem,
Knights reel drunken with ashstruck brains,
The glory of silver is dimmed with stains.

Towering on us now we see
The spume and the wrath of their agony,
Horses and men that pant for pain,
Mad with the yearning to quench our rain
With hoof and point and biting blade
For wrath of the ruin our arrows made.

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Up comes the earth to smash our eyes,
Steel! and hell! . . . shrill dying cries!
Dust in our teeth, and the world grows black . . .
Fangs of lightning along the back.
Over and over they ride like thunder
Breaking our bones and skin asunder.

But our lust for life like trodden wheat
Springs as they ride from under their feet;
Many a yeoman grovels and groans,
A lance out through his shoulder bones,
Yet each knight wears at his breastplate's rim
A shaft that bites the breath from him!

Like a sunset cloud they melt away;
And the evening is on us cold and gray . . .
Their pride is a tale the winds can tell,
Their story and glory like ashes fell.
Here the broken blossoms lie,
The lilies of France have drooped to die.

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THE MORON LABORATORIES, INC.

LAWTON MACKALL

"AND here in this room," I said with pardonable pride, "are the very dumbest of the dumb. To play jackstraws would give any one of these five men and women a headache."

"Splendid!" said my new client, Mr. Bingus, the film magnate.

"This is our Newspaper Comic Testing Department. Watch a moment while I show you how perfectly they react."

I clapped my hands to arouse the subjects to attention; then held up before them an enlargement of a comic strip depicting Barney Blooie saying "I should worry" and subsequently being bumped on the head.

All five morons showed positive signs of interest. Their lips moved as they spelled out the lettering. Two faces formed expressions evidently purporting to be grins. One actually uttered the words, "Gee, that's good!"

"Convincing, eh?" I said triumphantly. "Any comic strip that gets by this crew can be rated sure-fire."

"And you use this bunch for only that one sort of test?"

"That's all. Our psychologists show them a couple of miles of comics a day."

"I hadn't realized there were that many being ground out."

"Oh yes — even a few more. But we get all the really important ones. Since our service proved itself invaluable to the press of the country, all the leading newspaper syndicates have put their comics into our hands for daily O. K. We check on everything. Our psychologists note the effect on the morons of every single item and are quick to detect details that disturb dumbness. Thus our reports are full of invaluable suggestions such as: 'Make the feet larger, with spats, and fingers more uniform, and eyes closer together; those drawn here are too much of a departure from the standardized kind.' Or, 'Artist has forgotten to put perspiration drops flying from Uncle Sam's forehead.' Or, 'Artist is guilty of using grammar and even punctuation in conversation balloons; might offend some.'

"So you see our service insures the newspapers against any

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hazard of novelty; for we guarantee to weed out everything that isn't dependably commonplace."

Mr. Bingus was impressed.

"But couldn't you possibly use this crew for testing out my film titles? They would be simply perfect for the work, and it would take only about an hour a week of their time."

"No," I said tactfully but firmly. (I am fearless in carrying out my ideas.) "Much as I hate to refuse a client anything he asks, I am obliged to make other arrangements for handling your account. Those comic strip morons can't be distracted by diversification of tasks. However, I'm sure you will be satisfied with the service we do give you. It will have the same high standard of low mentality. For I have planned to have your heart-throb movie wordings reviewed by the crew in room 308A, across the hall. You'll find them ideally suited for it. They are our Maudlin Morons, whose principal duties are to read sentimental novels and desert romances, and to listen to Broadway songs about going back to dear old Mammy in Ireland or Dixie."

"Well," he hesitated, "they do sound promising."

I led him to 308A and showed them to him. At sight of the nine Maudlin Morons, working knee-deep in slush, he was satisfied. He approved, too, of the psychologist who was keeping a record of gulps per chapter and verse, and of the automatic machine which made a graph of the hourly tear-fall.

"You see," I explained, "we are equipped to appraise sentimentality scientifically. The publishers admit they don't know how they ever got along without us."

"Certainly is a wonderful system!"

I conducted him through other sections of the plant. He was especially struck by the sight of the large force of Credulous Morons, busily perusing sensational stories destined to appear in the Sunday papers, and awful confessions due for publication in the lurid magazines; and by the Sport Morons poring over mid-winter baseball dope; and by the Moron Voters, spellbound by political flapdoodle; and by the Earnest Morons, engrossed in uplift guff and hand-painted accounts of "How I Got to Be Head of the Peanut Trust."

"Marvelously efficient and well-organized concern," he declared as he signed a ten-year contract. "I am confident that our

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business will be admirably handled, even though it means only a paltry hundred thousand a year to you."

"You can rely on me to see that it isn't slighted," I assured him.

This little transaction over, Mr. Bingus became quite friendly. "Tell me," he said, "how did you ever build up this huge concern in so short a time? I understand you started less than three years ago and today you are making millions upon millions."

"Oh, it was just an idea," I said unassumingly. "The thought came to me that this was the Age of Morons. To achieve success in any venture involving the general public, one needed exact data on dumbth. But where could one get it? By organizing the Moron Laboratories I undertook to furnish this information. The system is simple enough. My expert psychologists, — the smartest college professors I could find, — test out the stuff on classified morons and tabulate the results. So obvious, I can't see why nobody thought of it before.

"Recently competition has sprung up, but it hasn't really affected us here; because, if I do say so, I don't think my rivals have quite my flair for fat-headedness. The only morons they have been able to coax away from me were those that were beginning to show signs of intelligence and would soon have had to be fired anyhow."

"Well," he exclaimed fervently, "it is inspiring to witness what one man has accomplished by constructive vision."

This spontaneous tribute touched me. I replied modestly:

"I have just done my bit toward making the world safe for Mediocrity."

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THE MIRACLE OF THE VALLEY LILIES

ELIZABETH BARBARA CANADAY

Why have I been so blind these Springtimes through
To all the witching wonderment of you,
Carved cups of ivory so quaintly tipped
As though the fairy frolickers who sipped
Had turned each goblet down to cheat the wind
Of that exotic incense it would find?

Why have I taken it a common thing
To find the rarest perfume of the Spring
Drawn from the breast of earth's stark rugged sod
As wine from water pot, a gift of God,
Through frail green stems that lift their fragile still
In elfin sorcery to brew at will
The essence of the sunlight and the shower
Into the wonder of one fragrant hour?

My heart has known this year the spell of you
And now might any miracle be true.

EARTH'S BREAST

ELIZABETH BARBARA CANADAY

Dear earth, it almost seems a sacrilege
After the patterned ways my feet have trod
On cobblestones and pavements beaten hard,
To set my sandaled feet upon your sod.
Oh shoes, tread lightly on the tender breast
Of earth. It breathes so near the heart of God.

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By THE PEDESTRIAN

GARDENING

MOST people make an orgy of their vacations. Their idea of relief from work is to buzz along in a cloud compounded of dust and oil ("picture ahead") for two stricken weeks, — or longer if pocket-book and constitution allow. Then, when the allotted time and they are exhausted, they substitute the clack of the typewriter for the clack of the valve, — and buzz some more.

Now I trust I am not so fatuous as to suppose that any special merit lies in the singularity of my vacations; in fact, I wish I might convert some of my friends and enemies to my ways. For from April to November, — and indeed more or less through the winter, — I take a vacation every day, in my back-yard. I wish that I might call it a garden. My wife and I do so call it to one another, but in our hearts we know all along that it is a back-yard. We too have heard of the English gardener who, when asked how long it took to make such turf as he was mowing in the close of Magdalen College, replied, "About three hundred years." Alas, my wife and I have been at it for only fifteen years; "let us be lowly wise." Furthermore, there is a tidy character, a weedlessness, an absence of ash-cans and clothes-lines about a proper garden. It is not insignificant, though it is perhaps sad, that the honest American has to confess to a back-yard.

Still, though we may not have a real garden (the kind, say, that God or Francis Bacon had in mind), the process which goes on in our rear enclosure *is* gardening, — gardening from April to November and chopping wood through the winter. And as we toil, we do take comfort from the assurance that "God Almighty first planted a garden." Perhaps it is not a blasphemous supposition that, when Eden was new, it also had weeds that needed pulling and cats that devastated seed beds and sour soil that gave the grubs a chance. We know that the father of all cut-worms made his home there; and if Charles Dudley Warner was right when he asserted that witch grass was original sin, there

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was certainly "some" crop of it in that first and famous garden. What is more, we note that though Adam was not allowed to dig in Eden, the chief lesson he learned in his education there was to dig. "Here, Adam," we may imagine the Angel as telling him, "this Eden is a model, in spite of its weeds and cats and cut-worms and witch grass; there without are waste places and caterpillars innumerable. Dig, that the waste places may become a garden; and wheresoever thou discernest a caterpillar, — or, more particularly, a cut-worm, — 'smite, smite, in the name of God!'"

Observe, please, that I write not of gardens, but of gardening. I have not yet had the presumption to suppose that "God walks in mine," — but I have had the "sign." Next year, or perhaps the year after, he will do so, — if only I remember that the cut-worm is of the devil and smite diligently while I may.

Gardening, like education and culture, is a process, not a finished product. Unfortunately this idea does not seem to have got into the heads of many people. Gardens there are a-plenty, with garden clubs and garden parties and garden goats, and all the delightful harmless things that go with them. Lots of people like to have gardens; they condescend to pick flowers and to do a little weeding, — even enjoy getting their hands and shoes dirty; and they grow so keen that they read the catalogues till they can flourish the scientific names and distinguish a dozen kinds of gladioli, or irises, or tulips, or roses. But what do they know of gardening? Ask the son of Adam who works for them — *he* knows! He knows what it is to toil till the "hinge in his back" rusts fast; he has crocked wire-worms by the thousand and squashed cut-worms by the million (quietly, methodically, courageously, as part of the God's work he is engaged in); he reeks gloriously of a strange mixture of sweat and whale oil soap and tobacco and sheep manure.

And he knows, too, the enduring joys of his task. First, that it will never be done; there is an inexhaustible demand for *him*. And he understands what indeed is the chief of gardening joys, — to gather seed and plant it, and transplant the seedling, and nurse it through its babyhood and guard its adolescence, till he sees it, through his own creative energy, live gloriously in a flower. Out upon your potted annuals, bought at the nearest

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florist's! With a southward-facing window and a cold frame or two, you can raise and make live all the flowers and vegetables you deserve to have. If you must have more, if you have become *addicted*, as I have, sell your automobile and build a little greenhouse. But then you will not need to be told to toil. You will have become one of us; you, too, will reek gloriously and develop the rusty hinge and kill the devil's creatures with your naked hands.

For the subtlest of all gardening joys lies really in the state of mind that is induced by toil. You can flutter in a garden, but you can't flutter at gardening. As the hours pass (not a few frantic minutes, but slow, silent, blistering hours), you gradually find yourself alone with a creation larger than you are. Your good wife, realizing that her blessed curse is to spin while you delve, leaves you to your silent labor; your disordered mind begins to sense a mysterious rhythm in which thinking and feeling are mutually inclusive (not exclusive, as they often are back there in the narrow house); and when at length the shadows lengthen and the busy world is hushed, you have seen and known things which pen cannot picture. You are no longer a mere wrangling mental mechanism; you have for a while been at one with creative energy.

Yet mere toil will not invite the Divine Presence, — let us not be fatuous about that, either. Toil is only the first condition; for the labor must bring forth beauty, — beauty of form and color, — and that is a much harder condition. It is easy to be a mere ditcher; it's a different matter to be an artist. But God, we suppose, walked in Eden before it was quite finished; planted it *himself;* did, if he was the sort of God he appears to have been, himself pull the weeds and drive out the worms; knew how to "toil terribly." Perhaps, then, though we cannot boast a sward three hundred years old, God will look kindly on our baby gestures, will walk in our back-yard some blessed day, "when the eve is cool."

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The Little French Girl

A Novel in Nine Installments — VII

Anne Douglas Sedgwick

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

ON returning to France with Giles Bradley after her first sojourn in England, Alix de Mouveray has begun to sense the ambiguity that surrounds the life of her mother, the fascinating Madame Vervier. Her love for France, coupled with an intensely affectionate desire to shield her mother against her own weakness, has made Alix determine never to return to England, despite the insistence of her kind new friends. Giles, aware of his brother's secret relations with Madame Vervier in the months preceding his death at the front, has talked frankly with her. He, on moral grounds, and Madame Vervier, out of worldly considerations, are both convinced that Alix's future happiness depends upon her being in an environment less equivocal than that of Madame Vervier and her friends,—one of whom is André de Valenbois, Owen's successor. Without consulting Alix, Madame Vervier sadly decides to send her back to the Bradleys. Deeply hurt, but too proud to protest, Alix acquiesces. On returning to England some weeks later she is struck by a new hardness in Toppie's manner toward Giles, but her attention is soon diverted by Lady Mary Hamble who invites her to Cresswell Abbey. There Alix finds herself an object of interest to a group of charming worldly people, and not least to Lady Mary's son, Jerry Hamble.

PART THREE

Chapter V

LADY MARY had finished her morning tasks when Alix returned from her first ride with Jerry next morning, and was sitting near the fire with a little table before her on which she was laying out tiny patience cards.

"Curl up in the big chair," she said. "You must be tired, and you'll find yourself very stiff by tomorrow. Do you smoke? Not yet? Good. I'm glad not. Have you many girls in France like that? I haven't stayed in France for so many years."

"I should not be allowed to smoke; not until I married, I think," said Alix, leaning her head on the side of the big chair and watching her hostess' white hands place the little cards. "I don't know about other girls. But I do not think that they have as much liberty as in England. I like liberty; but not for so many cigarettes."

She felt very much at home with Lady Mary, who continued to make her think of Maman.

"Liberty for the right things and not for the foolish things," smiled Lady Mary. "And it's a pity to have liberty for foolish things even when one marries. Tell me where you and Jerry rode. Across the ridge and down to Minching's Pond? I felt sure you'd like Darcy. He's a lamb of a horse. I'm so glad you're here to play with Jerry," Lady Mary went on. "Marigold is such a flirt. She can't help it." Lady Mary smiled at Alix and shuffled her cards. "She is a born siren. And Jerry is too young for sirens."

Alix had again the sensation of being confided in despite her youth. It was curious how quickly, if they liked you, they confided in you, these strange English people.

"Jerry admires her immensely, and he's only a boy, — only just twenty, you know, and it's rather tiresome. You will take his mind off her. Not that it has ever really worried me," said Lady Mary; and Alix saw that it really had.

But Jerry and his flirtation was not Lady Mary's object. Alix began to see

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that her interest in herself was more disinterested than that. She was making her way, through smoking, and riding, and Marigold, to other topics. The topic she was really coming to was Giles, and she wanted to find out just how fond Alix was of him, and just how far went her commitments to him and to his family. Alix fancied, watching her, that she had a habit of playing patience when she wished to say special things to you and to keep them from seeming special. "I don't wonder at their taking you in as you say they have," Lady Mary remarked when Alix expressed her sense of gratitude to the Bradleys. "Their brother, you know, — what you and your mother had done for him. Giles told me about that last night. And then you are a nice young person in yourself, Alix. One might like having you about."

"It is more as if I had been a fox-terrier Owen had left behind him. I mean it was like that at the beginning. They would have taken it in and cared for it always, even if it had not been a very nice one."

Lady Mary laughed. "I liked Giles' mother that day in Oxford. She is very earnest, isn't she, — but she hasn't much sense of humor. Giles has humor," said Lady Mary, clipping down a card with soft deliberation and then shifting it. "Quite grim humor, too, I felt once or twice. And I like that."

"I know no one who has a better sense of humor than Giles," said Alix.

"He is modest, too," said Lady Mary. "And most middle-class young men are so overweeningly proud of their brains. One rather wishes he was not going to be buried in Oxford; but one feels, too, that it is his *métier*. He would not care a scrap about getting on or making a name in the world, and if a scholar doesn't intend to marry there's no reason why he *should* strive and strain like worldly people."

"But then they do marry," Alix observed.

"It would be the unfortunate wife who would strive and strain in that case, wouldn't it? It must be a very dreary life. Marigold wouldn't like it, would she?" laughed Lady Mary.

"But they wouldn't like her," said Alix.

"It all depends on what you want, of course," said Lady Mary, holding up an undecided card. "If one wants earnestness and an unpowdered nose, that is one thing; and if one wants hunting and dancing and diamonds, like Marigold, that is another. I detest worldliness, but I do like common sense. Now your dear Giles, I could see that, has any amount of common sense, and not a scrap of worldliness."

Alix, while Lady Mary thus mused, finding his place for Giles rather as she found the place for the hovering card, recognized still further resemblances to Maman. Lady Mary, too, could be sweetly devious. She would feed you with spoonfuls of honey, satisfied that you would never taste the alien powder that was being administered. She was talking to her now as to the clever child who could take no personal interest in the question of marriage. But the experience was to Alix a familiar one, and the admonitory flavor at once detected. She was not to take an interest, but Lady Mary was taking an interest for her. Lady Mary was selecting her place for her very much as Maman would have done; and as with Maman Alix often found a malicious pleasure in seeing through her and pretending not to see, so now she pleased herself by saying nothing to Lady Mary of Giles' devotion to Toppie which would so have set her mind at rest. "Giles is my greatest friend," was all she vouchsafed presently, and Lady Mary could make of it what she chose.

There had been minor intimations gliding along beside the major one. If Giles, in his chosen career, was not to be thought of as a husband, Heathside and the Bradleys need not be thought of as essential to Alix's life in England. Not for a moment did Lady Mary intimate anything so gross as that Alix should abandon her friends; she only made it clear that, since she could now count on new ones she was not dependent on Heathside.

The English, certainly, were kind. But were they kind enough to make themselves responsible for you? Giles would. She believed that Toppie would; and Mrs. Bradley. Even Ruth and Rosemary, if the test came, would, she believed, shoulder her. But strangely, painfully, — for she liked Lady Mary, though she did not at all take her for granted, — Alix could imagine this new friend, if consequences proved troublesome or unpalatable, choos-

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ing, simply, as the easiest way out, to forget all about her. She was dove-like, but she was capricious. She felt herself to be older than Lady Mary as she watched her and listened to her; she felt herself wiser. Life required far more circumspection than Lady Mary imagined. And as these thoughts went through Alix's mind, while Lady Mary laid out her pretty cards, there floated across it a memory of the shrewd old face of a priest to whom she had once gone for the yearly, the reluctant confession. If one was more circumspect than any English person, was it because of the generations of Catholicism in one's blood? One's confessor always took so many disagreeable things for granted, about life and about human nature; and, on reflection, one usually found that he had been right.

Chapter VI

Under pressure from Giles, who wrote that of course she must stay on, Alix's visit to Cresswell Abbey lengthened itself over the whole remaining fortnight of the holidays. She danced and danced. In the mornings she rode with Jerry.

How strange Heathside seemed to her when she at last returned to it. Life at Cresswell Abbey was so much more like life at Maman's than anything at Heathside. Always, at Maman's, there was that same sense of mental grace; always the varying people, coming and going, who displayed it. The people at Cresswell were not so graceful or so interested in mental things; but, from the mere fact that there were so many of them and of so many varieties, they reminded her of the life in Paris with Maman.

Oddly enough, however, she found herself on her return liking not only Rosemary, her daily companion, more than she had ever liked her, but the High School girls, too. It was, she knew, because she had seen so much of Marigold Hamble and because they were so different from Marigold. Marigold had not attempted to molest her in any way; she had, indeed, attempted to attach her; but Alix had never for a moment relaxed her circumspection. Marigold hated her because Jerry liked her so much and because she never made an effort to attach him.

By the time she went away it was as if she had become almost as much a part of the life at Cresswell as she was part of the life at Heathside. It was natural, it was inevitable that she should come back again, and for almost all the winter week-ends she did come back. Sometimes Jerry motored down from Oxford for the day, and once he stayed the night for a dance, and Marigold, on this occasion, adopted a new and surprising attitude towards Alix, behaving as if she had never seen her before. She also gave scant attention to Jerry, and Alix remarked that though Jerry did not really like Marigold he was perturbed by her neglect; so perturbed that he even forgot to dance with Alix and stood watching Marigold fox-trotting with another man.

"Poor darling; isn't he foolish," Lady Mary commented to her young friend, and Alix, in no need of partners, said calmly that he was, telling herself that she did not in the least mind what Jerry did. But she did mind. Since the moment that she had seen his eyes fixed upon her from the stairs she had minded, not because she cared for Jerry, but because she cared, intensely, that he should care for her. Was she, then, another Marigold? She asked herself this question fiercely, lying awake in her firelit room, her immature young heart strained by the sense of contest between herself and the crafty woman. Why should she mind Jerry's gloom? What was Jerry to her? Nothing; nothing, the answer came to her irrefutably from the depths of her heart where anger and pride could not penetrate to blur the truth; Jerry was nothing more than the charming comrade, unless Marigold was there to take him from her.

It was always a relief to get back to Rosemary. Rosemary had not a purr in her composition, and that was a defect; but she had not a scratch either. Even in the High School girls, whose virtues she had felt to be so negative, she appreciated now the positive quality of straightness.

When the Easter holidays came, Alix found that there was no reason why she should not go to Cresswell for the fancy dress ball. Giles was to be away for a fortnight. Marigold was safely in the Riviera, and Jerry's letter, telling her of the fact, was very naughty, breathing as it did an evident relief. Jerry, too, was young and his heart, too, had been strained by the sense of pointless contest. Eager comrade-

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ship and an assurance of peace infused every line of his pretty dashing pages.

So Lady Mary's car came for her and she went off, Rosemary teasing her from the steps and declaring that they would all be on the lookout for her picture in "The Daily Mail" dressed as Gainsborough's Blue Boy, — a costume Lady Mary had suggested for her.

Then came ten days at Cresswell: days that altered all her life.

She must at once tell Giles about it; that was the thought that filled her mind as she sat with him, at last, in the study, on the April morning after his return and hers. But there was so much to tell that she did not know how she should begin, and what made it more difficult was that Giles was very sad. Toppie was in Bournemouth with her father, and it was evident from her letters that Mr. Westmacott was dying.

It was Giles himself who introduced her theme. "Why didn't you stay on at Cresswell?" he asked her. "I saw Jerry in Oxford, and he evidently thought they were to keep you for a month. I'm awfully glad to find you here, of course; but you know what I feel about cake and bread-and-butter, and I should like you to eat the full slice. You like Jerry as much as ever, don't you? You and he are great pals?"

Alix almost had to smile a little at this, it was so transparent of Giles; though, a fortnight ago, she would, perhaps, not have seen how transparent it was. It made it easier for her, however. How strange, the thought passed through her mind, it was easier to tell Giles than it would have been to tell Maman. Keeping her eyes on her friend she said, "He wants me to marry him."

She sat there on the sofa in her blue and gray jumper and dark brown beads, her hands lightly clasped around one of the old leather cushions, a little as she might have sat, in her early convent days, giving an account of herself in the *parloir* to the relative who had come to pay her a weekly visit. Decorum was in her voice and attitude; and though she knew a sense of trembling beneath her calm words, she was sustained by her assurance of suitability. It was suitable that she should tell Giles of her offer of marriage.

And he did not seem at all surprised. He turned to get his pipe and filled and lighted it, first pressing down the tobacco with his finger in the way she liked to watch. Then he said, — could anything be easier than to tell things to Giles, — "And what do you want, Alix?"

He was very much older than she was, and very much older than Jerry. She almost wished that Jerry were there with her to take counsel of Giles. "You like him, too, Giles, do you not?" she said.

"Well, *that* hasn't much to do with it, has it?" Giles returned, looking down at her with his smile. "What's to the point is that you do."

"I should not care to like, very much, any one you did not like," said Alix. "I wish you knew him better. Then you could judge."

Giles was looking at her with a sort of astonishment, at once tender and amused. "But I'm not your father, Alix."

"You are the only father I have ever known," Alix replied, and looking down she felt her eyes heavy with sudden tears.

"Well then, dear little Alix, since I'm to take a father's place, may I ask what you said to this young man, — whom I thought eligible in every way."

"I said I could not marry in England," said Alix.

"And what did Jerry say to that?"

"He said I was too young. He said he would wait. He said he could perhaps live in France for part of the time. He did not speak very reasonably."

"It seems to me that he spoke very reasonably indeed. How old are you now, Alix?"

"I shall be eighteen in July. Not young enough to change as much as he expects. No, he was not reasonable, for he contradicted himself a great deal. I don't think that he means to wait. I don't think he really would live in France. Afterwards, when we had talked a little more and he had felt that I was not so young, — he spoke very wildly."

"How wildly?"

A faint flush rose in Alix's cheeks. "He did not please me in the way he behaved. It could not have happened like that with us. Our way, I think, is a better way."

"How did he behave?" Giles, after a moment, inquired.

Alix's flush was deepening. "He tried to embrace me. He tried to kiss me. As if to

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be embraced and kissed would decide everything."

In Giles' gaze, bent upon her, she was aware of a growing wonder. "It does decide everything, sometimes, you know."

"But not for people of character, Giles." She did not know from what deep tradition she spoke; but it was behind her, around her, in her very blood. She spoke for the order that was not there to protect her. Great events like marriage were approached with a certain austerity. So much more than oneself was involved.

"We're all like that in England," said Giles. "We're all *sans moeurs* when it comes to things like this. At least," he stopped; he reddened. "A man in love wants to find out, you see," he finished.

"To find out what?"

"Why, if you're in love with him."

"Can it not be found out without kissing?"

"Well, if you don't care enough for a man to kiss him, — oh, you're right, perfectly right, Alix dear; for yourself you're perfectly right. I'm lost in admiration of your rightness. But didn't his love touch you at all?"

Alix at this contemplated her friend in silence for some moments. It was not the effort to be frank with Giles that held her thoughts; it was the effort to read herself. And, finding the truth slowly, she said, "Yes; it did touch me. That was my difficulty, Giles. He troubled me."

Giles then turned away from her, putting his hands in his pockets and going to stare out of the window, as he had done on that long ago winter day of their first great encounter when she had felt, without knowing why it was, that he was thinking of her and not of Maman. She could not see what it was this time either, that so moved him.

She sat, her hands clasped on her cushion, and looked into the gas fire which creaked and crackled softly. From the open window came the loud singing of a chaffinch. Alix felt herself mastering with difficulty that sense of tears. She was not happy. There was something delicious in the thought of Jerry and his love; but something that twisted, dislocated her life. How strange was life. How near it brought you to people; how far apart it could carry you, with the mere speaking of a word. If she spoke the word that Jerry had implored of her, would it not carry her far away from Giles? Oh, there was a darker surmise. Would it not carry her far away from Maman? So much had Jerry troubled her that she had known for a moment, his ardent eyes upon her, the fear that she might forget Maman, France, Giles, for the mere joy of feeling his arms go round her.

Giles turned to her at last. "Well then, Alix, how did it end?" he asked her, leaning against the window-sill and looking over at her with folded arms.

"What was decided was that he should tell his mother and father at once. He did not want that at all. He said that they would think him too young, and that he would not bear interference. It was all so wild and foolish, Giles. But when I told him that unless they knew his feeling for me I could not return to Cresswell, he had to consent."

"Well. And what did they say?"

"Mr. Hamble said nothing. It was Lady Mary who came to me."

"What did she say? Had she expected it?"

Alix lifted her eyes to her friend. "That is what I find so strange, Giles. She had not expected it at all. Is that not a little *naïf?* On the one hand to give perfect freedom, and on the other to imagine that nothing unforeseen shall happen? She was very kind. She said she had thought of me and Jerry as playmates, and that I was right to say to him that we were far, far too young. She was, I saw, much disturbed; but she was pleased with me, too, and kissed me and said I had been a good, wise child. In all I had to say to her I surprised her. I do not know why."

"What did you have to say to her?"

"All my difficulties, Giles. The difficulties about France; how I must be near Maman always. And I said that since I am a Catholic, the children, if I married, would have to be Catholics, too."

"It's been left, then, as you intended to have it left?"

"Yes. I told Lady Mary that nothing could be done till she and Maman had met, and I wrote to Maman at once, putting only the difficulties before her. I am afraid Maman will see the advantages rather than the difficulties."

"The difficulties being that you cannot give up France and your religion?"

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"Lady Mary may have others quite of her own. Maman will have to face them all."

"And for yourself, which do you feel the greater difficulty, Alix: your country or your religion? You always seem to me just a little pagan."

"Ah, if it were for myself, I could give up my religion more easily than my country. Only my church would not allow me to marry a heretic unless I promised about the children."

"Why not turn heretic yourself, and settle the children like that?" Giles exclaimed, controlling, as she saw, a strong inclination to laughter.

But Alix knew that though she was not *dévote* there were some things deeper even than France, or were they not the deepest things in France? They were there, to be taken or left, as one chose; but even if she left them they were still there, part of her heritage.

"That I could never do," she said, shaking her head. "However much I cared, Giles, I could never be a protestant."

Chapter VII

It was only a few days after this interview that the news of Mr. Westmacott's death reached them. Toppie spent ten days in Bath with friends before returning to the Rectory, and it was Mrs. Bradley who went to her first. She said, when she came back, that Toppie wanted to see Giles and hoped that he could come to her next morning. Giles, when he had been given this message, went away and shut himself into his study.

"Well, do you expect she's going to have him at last!" Ruth exclaimed. "For my part I believe she is, and a good job too. Giles may be able to wake her up a bit. I find Toppie distinctly depressing myself."

"Poor old Giles," said Rosemary, "it made him look most awfully queer. It'll be a shame if she doesn't have him now, after the way he's waited."

"How did you find her?" Alix asked Mrs. Bradley when they were left alone. "She will be too unhappy now, so soon after her father's death, to think of Giles. But for the future, is there hope, do you think?"

"I really don't know what to think, dear," said Mrs. Bradley, taking off her hat and putting up her hand, with a gesture so like Giles, to push back her hair. "Toppie is so strange. She talked about Owen all the time. She said she had never felt him so near. That doesn't look very hopeful for Giles, does it? I've always loved and admired Toppie and thought her a lovely creature; but I confess to you, Alix, — because you understand her so well, — that she has always seemed to me a little heartless. There is no selfishness in her at all. But it's strange, Alix, selfish, warm-hearted people may give much less pain than lovely people like Toppie. Owen was selfish compared to Toppie; but I don't think he ever gave pain."

"He was like a pool, was he not," said Alix, struggling with thoughts Mrs. Bradley could not guess at, "a pool rippling and perhaps shallow, but open to the sun; and Toppie is like a well, cold and deep and narrow. And Giles is like the sea: deep and broad, too. How happy she could still be if she could open her heart to Giles!"

Giles went off to the Rectory next morning. Ruth, Rosemary, and the boys had planned a picnic, but Alix remained behind with Mrs. Bradley. By luncheon time Giles had not returned, and, exchanging glances over the table, each knew that the other found hope in this prolonged absence, for would Toppie keep Giles with her like this unless all was going well?

"You will see him when he comes back, Alix," said Mrs. Bradley when, after luncheon, she stepped into the car to drive off to the station. She had an address to give in London that afternoon.

"Perhaps he will not want to see me," said Alix. "I shall be there for him if he wants me; but not otherwise."

"I think Giles would always want to see you, whatever had happened to him," said Mrs. Bradley.

Left alone, Alix went out to her favorite walk, the little path under the garden wall, half obliterated by heather and grass, its bordering gorse bushes all broken into soft clusters of gold set in prickles and smelling of apricots. Bareheaded, her arms wrapped in her blue and gray scarf, she walked, feeling the sunshine, listening to a blackbird that fluted golden arabesques on the April air; while

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above her head the leaning fruit boughs were full of thick gray-green buds.

The sense of excitement that had been with her since the day of Jerry's declaration was immeasurably deepened this afternoon by her imaginative sharing of Giles' ordeal. Jerry and Giles were mingled in her thoughts, and her mind recoiled from the striving of pain and hope and fear brought to it by their united images. "And our people *eat* the blackbirds," thought Alix while the song, as she listened to it, brought Giles' face vividly before her. Jerry was like a goldfinch, — golden flashes, summery sweetness, swift eagerness, and gay inconsequent song. Giles was the blackbird: its tenderness, its trust, its something of heaven and something of drollery too. How strange that one should feel the anxious pressure of a new thought before one saw the thought itself: goldfinches; Les Chardonnerets; André de Valenbois; she traced the sequence. Jerry made her think of André, and the thought of André was only a pain and a perplexity. She had seen in Giles' eyes that he believed her to be in love with Jerry; and perhaps she was; only it was round the problem of worth that a new ache was centering. There must be so much worth on the one hand if, on the other, it was France that might have to be sacrificed. And Jerry was like the goldfinches. "Worth," she thought, listening to the blackbird's song. It was such an English word. She loved the blackbird's song best of all, she said to herself, trying to turn away from the still half unseen trouble.

Suddenly, behind her, she heard Giles' voice speaking her name.

He had come up from the birch woods; he had not come from the Rectory. He had been walking; his hair was ruffled with the wind; his shoes were muddy; he had not eaten; he was very tired. Alix saw all this in flashes as they approached each other, her mind catching at such straws; for it was shipwreck that his face revealed to her.

He had spoken her name in a quite gentle voice, as if, indeed, he were glad to find her there; as if she were a haven for what he could drag of hull and spars out of reach of the battering waves. He walked beside her, and said, "Can we get to the study without being seen?"

"They are all out," said Alix.

It was curious to feel, as, silently, they made their way into the house, that it was as if they had all left him to her. He walked into the study before her, to the window, and he stood looking out as if he, too, were listening to the blackbird, and when he turned at last and looked at her it was as if he asked her what he should do with himself. She saw him as a little boy who needed a mother to take him to her breast. And, like the little boy, he wanted his mother to ask him what was the matter before he could speak. So Alix asked him.

"What is the matter, Giles?"

Her voice trembled as she spoke. That was why, perhaps, Giles collapsed. He sank into the chair before the table and laid his head upon his arms and burst out crying.

Alix felt her heart stand still. "Captain Owen has parted them," she thought. And the unseen fear that had that morning pressed so near, was there beside her now. It was a compulsion laid upon her; a necessity that was not now to be escaped, though still she did not see it clearly. She stood by Giles, gazing down at him, and her young face was stern rather than pitiful. It was hardly of Giles that she was thinking; or it was his suffering rather than of him. It was because of Giles' suffering that the necessity was laid upon her.

Even when, as if he felt her near in his darkness, he put out an arm and drew her to him, for the comfort of her closeness, her face kept its sternness.

He spoke at last. "She's going to leave us, Alix."

"Going to leave us?" Alix wondered if Toppie were dying.

"She's going into a convent. She's going to be a nun. It was all settled at Bath. But she's been meaning it for a long time."

"Yes. I knew," Alix murmured. "She told me that on the first day."

"You knew?" In his astonishment Giles relinquished his clasp and fixed his broken gaze upon her.

"On that first day, when I went to see her. She told me that she could understand the wish to be a nun. If one were alone, she said, it might be the best life."

Giles got up and moved, stumbling, towards the sofa, and Alix, following him, they sat down.

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"It's because of him," said Giles. He leaned his arm on the end of the sofa and kept his face covered. "She says she can be more near him like that."

"But that is not a vocation," said Alix after a moment. She was seeing the face of the old great-aunt at Lyon behind the *grille*. Pale old eyes; cold mauve lips; a dead creature; living by a mysterious life unimaginable to those out in the great turmoil of the world. "You go into a convent to renounce the world, — not to keep it more near."

"Ah," said Giles, and he uttered a hard laugh, "she doesn't count Owen as the world. She counts him as heaven. He wasn't worth it, you know, Alix."

And, while the word "worth," laden with its thick cluster of associations, semed to set a heavy bell ringing in her breast, Alix answered, "No; he was not worth it."

They sat then for a long time silent. Once or twice Alix thought that Giles was going to speak to her. She saw it all now; and must he, too, not see? Must he not, in another moment, tell her of the sudden resolve to which, at last, he found himself knit? But when she turned her eyes, — appalled, yet ready, — upon him, he was not looking at her; not thinking at all of what she thought; gazing merely at the fireless grate, his mind fixed on the one figure that filled it: Toppie a nun, Toppie blotted out from any life where he could see or hear her. And suddenly he said, "She was so kind to me. She was so awfully sorry for me. She's never been so kind, — it was almost — I could see what it might have been — Oh, Alix, I'm so miserable!" groaned Giles, and again he put his head down on his arms and broke into sobs.

Alix looked over at him. No; it was her task, not his. Impossible for him; inevitable for her. It was a debt to be paid. More than that. It was the crying out in her heart of intolerable grief. She could not bear that Giles should suffer so.

He hardly noticed it when she laid her hand on his head and said, "I will come back in a little while." He was broken. The waves were going over him.

She left him there. She left the house. At the garden gate, looking through the sunlight across the Common, she stood still for a moment, feeling that she paused, for the last time, in childhood, and that with the next step she left it forever behind her. It was she, now, who took up life; who made it. Destiny went with her; she was no longer its instrument, but its creator. And in this last moment how strange it was to hear the blackbird still singing. It would always remember; that was what it seemed to be saying.

Once outside upon the Common she began to run. She was carrying Giles' heart in her hand and it was heavy to carry. Intently, intently, Maman's eyes seemed to watch her as she ran. She could not read their look. And far away, as if he had forgotten her, Jerry rode into the blue distance. Or was it she who had forgotten Jerry?

When she reached the Rectory she did not ring. She entered softly, standing for a moment to regain her breath and listen. Footsteps were moving in the drawing-room. The door was ajar. She pushed it open and entered.

Chapter VIII

Toppie stood in the middle of the room with open packing-cases around her. The sun came in and shone upon the walls, and the room looked pale and high and vacant. There were no flowers anywhere; all the intimate things were gone. Toppie stood alone among her doves. And upstairs, in Toppie's room, the doves brooded upon a little box where Captain Owen's letters lay.

She was packing the books, carrying them from the shelves that filled the spaces between the windows and laying them in the boxes; and as Alix entered so softly, closing the door behind her, she stood still, holding a book in her hand and looking up with what, for a moment, was only surprise.

A horrible blow of pity assailed Alix as she saw her. All in black; so white; so wasted, — she was like the *cièrge* unlighted. "But it is for her sake, too," Alix thought, seeing Toppie sinking, sinking away from the world of sun and friendship into the silence and solitude of the grave. "Better to suffer, better to suffer dreadfully, and come back to us," she thought. And the visions that had always accompanied her thoughts still moved before her so that it was pain like fire she saw

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lifted in her own hands towards the cold *cièrge;* to light it into life once more.

"I have come to speak with you, Toppie," said Alix. She could not go towards Toppie with outstretched arms. The sofa where she and Toppie always sat together was on the other side of the room. She felt that she could not stand and tell Toppie; her strength might forsake her; she might find herself, when the moment came, turning away and escaping. "I have seen Giles," she said. "It is because of what Giles has told me that I have come. May I sit down? Will you come beside me?"

Toppie stood there, holding her book, and watched her as she crossed the room to the sofa and sank down upon it. Then after a moment, she laid down the book and followed her.

"This is very wrong of you, Alix." These were the words she found. Her mind, Alix saw, fixed itself upon the time of her own former intercession for Giles. Coldness gathered in her eyes. "Giles did not send you, I am sure. You have no right to come."

"I know it must seem strange," said Alix, "when you have had so much to bear. But I had to come. Giles would not have let me come if he had known. He does not think of himself. He thinks of you, only, always. Giles would not lift a finger to save himself, — although his heart might be breaking."

Toppie was scanning her face with stern yet startled eyes. "No one knows as well as I do what Giles would do for me. You are not yourself. You seem to me to be hysterical."

"No; you do not know what he would do," said Alix. She felt that her heart had begun to knock with heavy thuds against her side and a shudder passed through her as she sat there straightly, her hands pressed together in her lap, her gaze fixed on Toppie; but she saw her way to the end of what she had to say, and she could say it. "You cannot know it. No one knows but he and I, — and my mother. He has spared you; and he has spared some one else. But I must tell. Toppie, your lover was not true to you. He did not love you as you love him. He did not understand love as Giles understands it, or love you with a tenth of the love that Giles has given, — oh, Toppie, I am sorry —" Toppie had started to her feet and was drawing away with a look of horror. "But you must know. You must not shut yourself away from life because of some one who is not with you at all. It was my mother that Captain Owen loved. He was with us three times in Paris and he kept it from you."

"You are mad! You do not know what you are saying. Go away. Go away at once." Toppie stood there as if Alix had been a snake, — ghastly with disgust and repudiation.

"I am not mad. It is true. Giles knows. I lied to Mrs. Bradley when she asked me why we had never seen Captain Owen again. When I saw that he had hidden it, I lied. I did not understand why he had kept it from you all, and it was Giles who told me, — that it was because he had betrayed you by loving Maman most. Three times he was with us in Paris that spring before he died."

Toppie stared at her with dilated eyes. "Do you know what you are saying? Owen with you? Before he died? Why not? Why not? He was your mother's friend."

"It was friendship in Cannes. In Paris it was different. Giles made me see why it was different. He would not have kept it from you if it had been friendship."

"Giles? Giles made you see?" Toppie put her hands to her head as if her skull cracked with the dreadful blows Alix dealt her, and, while a deathly sickness crept over her, Alix went on relentlessly, "He had seen them together in Paris. They did not see him, but he saw them walking in the Bois. That was why, when I lied to his mother, he knew it was a lie. Last winter, Toppie, when I first came. And I was to help him in keeping it from you always."

Toppie stood still, up there in the thin bright sunlight, her hands pressed now before her face; and, with the growing sickness, Alix suddenly seemed to see another figure beside her. It was as if Maman, too, was standing there, in the bright sunlight, with that intent look: dumb, like a figure in a nightmare, yet in her stillness conveying a terrible reproach. "It was not Maman's fault," Alix muttered. "She cannot help it if she is loved. She did not know that he had kept it from you."

From behind Toppie's hands now came

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a strange voice. It was as if it spoke from the pressure of some iron vise screwed down upon it. "Your mother is a wicked woman. You do not know what you are saying; but I know that it is true. Your mother took my lover from me. She is a wicked woman and you are a miserable child."

Alix felt herself trembling now in every limb; but it was even more before Maman that she trembled than before Toppie. "Is it wicked to be loved? Is it wicked to be preferred?"

"Yes. It is wicked," said Toppie in the crushed and straining voice. "There is no greater sin for a woman than such stolen love. Your mother is an abandoned woman. She has lovers. No one is safe from her. I knew that already. Oh God, I knew it!" Was Toppie speaking on to her, or, in her agony, to herself? Alix, standing outside the torture chamber, heard the cries of the victim. But she, too, was bound upon a wheel.

"You are not wicked. You had a lover. Captain Owen was your lover." She forced her trembling lips to speak. "Giles knows her. He knows that she is not wicked. It is false what you say."

"You do not understand," Toppie moaned. She had fallen down upon a chair, her face still hidden in her hands. "It is terrible to be so ignorant. You are too old to be so ignorant. Yes, it is true, — all true. She took him from me. Oh, I know now, — I know what Giles was hiding from me! Go away, Alix. You drive me mad! Go away, poor unhappy child!"

Alix had risen to her feet, but still she could not go. To fly, to escape, to hide herself forever, — this was the cry of all her nature; but there was something else. It was not only upon herself, upon Maman, that she had brought this disaster. What had she done to Giles?

"I will not stay. Do not think that I will stay. You say things of my mother that are not to be forgiven. It is only for Giles. You will not blame him? He has done nothing wrong. You will see him? He will explain all that I have not understood. It is for Giles. Oh, Toppie, — all is not so lost when Giles, who loves you, is still there."

"Yes. It is lost. All, all lost," Toppie murmured. Her voice had sunken to ashes now. Her head hung forward upon her hands. Looking at her there, for the last time, Alix seemed, dizzily, to see her as a figure in a long past epoch, a black figure, with bent fair head, sitting in the pale room with the doves about it. It was as if Toppie would sit on there forever. "Oh, Owen!" Alix heard her moan, as she went unsteadily to the door.

Chapter IX

"Oh, Maman! What have I done to you?" It was her own voice now that Alix heard. She was out again upon the Common and she had been running. But suddenly she was walking very slowly among the gorse bushes in the bright sunlight, and she could hardly drag herself along. Her head ached as if it would break in two; and now that she went so slowly she could no longer escape Maman. She saw her there, moving beside her, with the intent look; silent; without a word of blame. It had passed beyond all thought of blame; it had passed even beyond pity. Alix saw suddenly that what it meant was that she was waiting to see what Alix would now say to her.

"I must think," Alix muttered to herself. But she did not need to think. It was as if in a kaleidoscope, turned in her hands, memories, till now unrelated, fell suddenly into a pattern. "*La belle Madame Vervier. Divorcée, vous savez.*" Grandpère's eyes. Giles' silence, when they had met. That strange, deep blush that had dyed Giles' face when, in the study, they had spoken of Captain Owen's leaves in Paris. André de Valenbois. Maman's lie to André about Toppie. All the things she had read in poetry, in novels, of beautiful guilty women who had lovers. And, creeping through her young heart like a slow surreptitious flame, — falling into place, curving with darts of ardent color into the pattern, — most recent, most intimate intuitions of what a woman's love might mean. "Maman!" she moaned. She fell at Maman's feet in supplication. Yet, while she implored her forgiveness, she was sheltering her, too. She was putting her arms around her to protect her from the world's cruel scrutiny. She was promising her that their love, the love of mother and child, was unharmed, set apart, firmly fixed and sacred forever.

When she reached Heathside she heard

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that the little boys had returned. They were shouting in the garden with the dogs, and Alix retraced her steps, skirting the kitchen-garden wall, going softly in by the little gate, creeping along the back passages, past kitchen and scullery, unobserved. Here was Giles' study. She turned the handle and went in.

Giles was there, sitting at his desk and writing. He had a sick, dogged look; but he had recovered his composure. He even, as he turned his head and looked at her, tried to summon a smile of welcome, and she knew that he felt ashamed for having broken down before her.

Alix shut the door and stood against it. "Giles, I have done a dreadful thing," she said. Only when she leaned against the door did she know that she was almost fainting. She felt that all that she desired was sleep. To tell Giles and then to fall into oblivion. Far away, in France, she saw herself walking in a sunny garden, her hand in Maman's. They both seemed very old. They were very sad. Yet they smiled at each other. But this vision was far away. The black ordeal was before her. "I have done a dreadful thing," she repeated. "Perhaps you will not forgive me."

Giles had risen to his feet and stood, over against the window, tall and dark with his ruffled head. He was looking at her and his eyes were frightened.

"I have been to Toppie. I have told her everything."

He did not find a word to say.

"It was for your sake I did it, Giles," said Alix, in a dry, unappealing voice. "I told her so that she might know it was you who loved her; not he."

Giles spoke. "You told her about Owen?"

"About Owen. That he was Maman's lover."

Giles put his hand up and pushed it through his hair. "You told her that for my sake?"

"Yes, Giles. So that she should not leave you to be nearer him."

"Did you know what you were saying, Alix?"

"Not when I told her. But afterwards. After what she said. She said that Maman was a wicked woman. She said that Maman was a woman who had lovers. She said that for a woman there is no greater sin. And now, I think, I understand. Giles, — is it true?"

"My darling little Alix," said Giles in a strange, stern voice. "It is true. But she's not wicked. She's wrong; but not wicked. She's lovely, and unfortunate, and wrong, and she needs your love more than ever."

As Giles spoke these words Alix suddenly stumbled forward. She put out her hands blindly, — for as she heard him her tears rushed down from under shut lids, — and Giles' arms received her. She was sobbing against his breast. "Oh Giles, thank you! Oh Giles, do you forgive me?"

"My darling child, — my darling little Alix. I understand it all," said Giles.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

Professor Poor Replies

By way of rebuttal to Professor Henderson's article in the July issue, Professor Poor sends us the following letter:

Editor of THE FORUM:

According to the ardent proponent of Einstein, "One of the greatest triumphs which relativity has won is the purity and unimpeachableness of the mathematical frame-work upon which it rests." The "frame-work" may indeed be unimpeachable; for, according to the same undoubted authority, it cannot be tested; the assumptions which form the foundation for this frame-work "cannot be proved or disproved." The super-structure, however, — the wings, the porches, the out-buildings, all the additions which now form the so-called generalized theory of relativity, — these are not "unimpeachable"; they contain many weak and sagging timbers. When the relativitist attempts to check his theory by astronomical observations, then is he obliged to resort to transformations of doubtful validity, to make use of many approximations. The "impeccable" mathematical development of the relativity formulas, as given by Eddington, contains such statements as:

> "It must be remembered that the identification with polar coördinates is only approximate."
> "Also the difference (*for the Solar System*) between ds (*relativity time*) and dt (*classical time*) is of the order 10^{-8} ds."

The observations of Mercury, from which Leverrier found the perihelial motion, were made more than fifty years before Einstein was born and are given in the ordinary, uniform time of classical mechanics; the relativity equation expresses the planetary motion in terms of "proper", or variable, relativity time. This fact the relativitist ignores: he directly compares the measures made in one kind of units with his calculations made in another. He sees no error in comparing prices quoted in dollars with expenses calculated in francs. The so-called relativity explanation of the observed motion of Mercury is a mathematical illusion; an illusion due to the use of an approximate, or mystical system of time in the relativity equations, and to the failure to transform the "francs" of relativity time into "dollars" of ordinary time.

Henderson's statement in regard to the results of Campbell's eclipse observations, — "For while it is only 17 per cent greater then the Einstein prediction, it is 136 per cent greater than the Newton prediction!" — is disingenuous and an attempt to becloud the issue. For Newton made no prediction: the so-called Newtonian value for light deflection has nothing to do with the validity of the Newtonian law of gravitation. It involves and depends upon an obsolete and discarded theory of light and was first brought out by von Soldner in 1801, a century after the death of Newton. The direct issue is the claim of the relativitists that the Einstein theory has been conclusively

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proved by these eclipse observations, the claim heralded to the world, that "These results are in exact accord with the requirements of the Einstein theory." This claim, this statement is now known to be erroneous: it is so admitted by Henderson, himself, when he frantically calls upon refraction in the earth's atmosphere to account for the discrepancies between observation and the Einstein prediction, to explain "the deviation of the light-rays in a direction contrary to that predicted by the theory."

It is rather difficult for a mind befogged with "common sense" to grasp the bearing of the cartoon in Henderson's article upon the truth or falsity of the Einstein theory, to understand the exact relation between that author's achievement of "Writing with one hand, describing circles with the other" and the *cause* of the observed bending of light-rays from distant stars.

CHARLES LANE POOR.

Dering Harbor, N. Y.

A Hint for Rameses

The Rostrum for June contained a unique communication from an Irishman of Colorado whose close contacts with the illustrious dead recently brought about his adoption by an ancient Egyptian monarch. A sceptical reader makes the following comment:

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am intensely interested in the revelations made by your correspondent, Mr. Patrick Francis Rameses in the June FORUM. I wonder if Mr. Rameses fully realizes the vastness of the advantage he possesses in being upon such intimate speaking terms with Socrates, Confucius, and the other great constructive minds of the past. I presume that, as Mr. Rameses possesses the ear of Socrates, he would find little difficulty in getting in touch with Socrates' intellectual grandson, Aristotle.

We know that Aristotle, the universal genius, had advanced physical science during his lifetime from childish guesses to an orderly array of systematized facts, based upon observation, practically to a point where it remained till three quarters of a century ago. We know that in that brief period of a single life span, beginning where Aristotle had left it, science has advanced by a geometrical progression, making greater progress in those few decades than it had attained in the previous ten thousand years. We know that the paradise of an intellectual man consists in the exercise of his intellectual faculties, and it is safe to assume that Aristotle's wondrously active mind, maintaining the same progressive ratio of achievement which it maintained while hampered by its fleshly encasement and which science has exhibited in the past half century, must have annexed, in the 2246 years since the Stagirite passed from this earthly sphere, vast fields of knowledge as yet undreamt of even by our Edisons, Einsteins, Steinachs, our Darwins, or our Freuds.

If Mr. Rameses can only succeed, through the medium of his old friend, Socrates, in having Aristotle dictate a few text books on science, the world will honor this Hiberno-Egyptian as no man has ever been honored since the world began. The General Electric Company will pay millions for a few formulas, and all the publishers of earth will lay at his feet wealth untold.

What is the use wasting time and energy in signaling the Martians in order to tap the treasures of their knowledge when out in Colorado Springs there exists one man who stands at the portal of a vaster realm of knowledge than any mere Martian ever conceived to exist?

If Mr. Patrick Francis Rameses cares to outshine the great Abou Ben Adhem, will he not instantly act upon this suggestion of mine?

JOHN H. JORDAN.

Scranton, Pa.

Court and Constitution

Editor of THE FORUM:

According to the actual Constitution, both in principle, and strictly by its words or legalistically, both of your debaters in the May number are wrong in the sense of being incomplete, — in the sense of not hanging on to the problem until they got to the end of it.

It seems to be generally agreed that the Constitution states a basic law of "checks" and "balances." That is, neither State government nor the Federal government

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is given decisive, controlling, or autocratic power, but each is balanced in power with the other. Similarly, no one of the three branches of the Federal government (legislative, executive, or judicial) is given power or final decision over another.

Both your debaters agree that the Constitution in principle thus denies autocratic power to any man or body of men, but that on the contrary it establishes democracy, or equal action and reaction, among men. Senator Pepper states part of that principle vividly by saying that the judiciary "is a device to prevent the Federal Government from eating up the States and to prevent the States from eating up the Federal government;" and Mr. Ralston states the rest of it by indicating in general effect that the Congress and the President are devices to keep the judiciary from eating up the Federal government; and the President and the Court, to keep the Congress from eating up all that sweet power; and the Court and the Congress are devices to keep the President from the same governmental cannibalism!

It therefore inevitably follows that if the Congress and the President do not agree with a decision of the Court in any given case, then by the principle of the actual Constitution both can continue to hold that the law which was passed remains a law, and to enforce it in all other cases. Obviously, the Court has no power whatever to make Congress decide that the law is unconstitutional or to repeal it, or to make Congress appropriate money to support the Court, or to control the President's execution in all other cases of what he considers still the law. Congressmen could go further if they would, and impeach the objecting judges. It is clear as daylight that Congress has just as much power to hold that the Court is going contrary to the Constitution, as the Court has to hold that the Congress did when it passed the law. So if Congress disagrees with the Court's decision, then Congressmen are actually obligated by the Constitution and by their oath to uphold it, to decide on their part that the Court is breaking down the Constitution, and to impeach the offending judges for that worst of all bad behavior.

Of course, if Congress or the President, or both, thus insisted that a law duly passed still remained a law in all cases except the particular case the Court has voided, the operations of our government would to some extent come to a standstill, — precisely as it actually does on the frequent occasions when the Congress and the President disagree. Then the people could judge the matter, and, if they like, continue to elect a Congress and President who would block the Court and legally change its membership, until such time as the three branches did agree.

The Constitution explicitly states (1) that the legislative power is vested in Congress; (2) executive power, in the President, who is directed to execute the laws faithfully, and is sworn to uphold the Constitution; and it states (3) that the judicial power is vested in the supreme court for all *cases* arising under the Constitution.

According to that explicit wording, the Court can decide that any law is unconstitutional and therefore void for any particular case before it. And that is precisely as far as it can go. The President is then bound to execute the Court's idea for that particular case, but he is not bound to agree that the Court is right about the law in general. If he thinks so, he can continue to hold that the law is still constitutional and thus a law for all other cases. Or, if the President agrees with the Court, and Congress disagrees, then Congress can shut off appropriations (thus depriving the Court of practical means of trying further cases), and by its oath of office is obligated to proceed to impeach the judges it thinks are breaking down the Constitution.

It thus appears that this problem or debate has no grounds in the actual Constitution. That basic law of ours clearly states the ancient principle of justice or the square deal, that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The Court "gets away" with its claim that it can annul a law, not because the Constitution gives it any such autocratic or finally decisive power, but simply because it has had more nerve and backbone than Congresses and Presidents.

On the other hand, the Court has been somewhat arrogant in its claim that it has power to annul a law. For the Constitution gives it power only to try particular

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cases. And retribution is sure to follow such grabbing of power if it is persisted in. So possibly a workable human-nature solution of this difficulty would consist of the Court's voluntarily adopting a rule that it would hold a law unconstitutional in a given case only if (say) seven of its members concurred. The Congress and President would then perhaps feel that the Court was not trying to grab power, and was not immodestly holding that its bare-majority wisdom was superior to the combined wisdom of both themselves, and would probably then feel disposed to agree with all the Court's decisions.

To pass the proposed La Follette amendment giving Congress power to decide finally what is law, even though the Court would at present hold it unconstitutional in every case, is obviously to make Congress finally a supreme, unchecked, unbalanced autocrat. Plainly, such an amendment is precisely contrary to the whole principle of the Constitution. To pass it is equivalent to repealing the present Constitution. Of course, if we, the people, wish to repeal the Constitution as it now exists, and replace it with one fundamentally different, we are at liberty to do so. But before voting to do it, we should recognize that it would be a sort of sublime example of jumping out of the frying pan into the fire.

S. KLYCE.

Winchester, Mass.

A Correction

In the March number of THE FORUM Mr. Harvey M. Watts, in an article entitled "Please Kick Me!" protested in vigorous terms against the tendency to belittle American art and culture and set up in their place outlandish standards. One of his sentences evoked an equally vigorous protest from a distinguished American writer, also a contributor to THE FORUM, Mary Austin, to whom he referred in the following passage:

"Then Lawrence (D. H.), also, ascending the tripod, predicated that this 'great welter of whites is not yet a nation; is not yet a people' and following the hint of a fellow Pythian, Mary Austin, the Amerindian propagandist, relegated us to the early savagery of this continent for our real inspiration, as if we were indigenes indifferent to our past, by acclaiming the Indians, 'Poor Lo', the only civilized people here."

Mrs. Austin felt this to be an unwarranted misrepresentation of her attitude and asked that Mr. Watts' imputation be retracted. Mr. Watts explains his allusion in a letter too long for publication, supported by many pamphlets and clippings. "To begin with," he writes, "In referring to Mrs. Austin as a 'Pythian' I was indulging in the familiar literary compliment of suggesting her as one devoted to Apollo and the Muses, and the collocation of D. H. Lawrence's name certainly brings her into reference with one whose admirers proclaim him 'as the greatest genius in English letters today'." There follows a great deal of material relative to the statements and activities of the American Indian Defence Association and its enthusiastic supporters, from which Mr. Watts concludes that the term "Amerindian propagandist" was not too strong to express his view of Mrs. Austin's zeal in the cause of the Indians. Among the numerous clippings submitted is a review which Mrs. Austin contributed to "The Literary Review" of July 1, 1922, in which she says, apropos of American verse forms, "The Amerindian is undoubtedly the nearest to what will be the ultimate American, since it is shaped by centuries of adjustment to the American environment."

The Editor is unable to arbitrate between the two opposed camps of thought in regard to the Indian problem. The feeling aroused by the issue has been so strong that opinions have often, it would seem, given way to personalities, with unhappy results for all concerned. Concerning Mrs. Austin's sincerity there can be no possible doubt, and the Editor regrets that, if in pursuance of THE FORUM's policy of giving a hearing to any one writer with an honest conviction, an injustice has been done to any other writer with an honest conviction. This is sometimes difficult to avoid in a magazine of free discussion.

THE EDITOR.

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Is Einstein Wrong?

A Symposium

Summarizing or quoting opinions of many scientists on a subject which was debated by Charles Lane Poor and Archibald Henderson in the June and July numbers of The Forum

"It is about as easy to discuss the correctness of Einstein's theory of relativity in a short letter as to prove to a heathen the truth of Christianity in three minutes," writes Mr. L. Cammer of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. He is one of a numerous company of scientific men who quailed at the Editor's plea for light on the relativity riddle. The question "Is Einstein Wrong?" can be answered only if we agree upon what is meant by wrong and right, says Professor R. F. Deimel of the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken. "If we believe with Ibsen, as we should, that the life of a well-constituted truth is short, — I think he gives it some seventeen years, — then we are concerned only with what is right at the present moment: eternal verity will have no place in our philosophy. From this point of view Einstein's theory is correct because its postulates are sound. Wrong or right, the theory, for its pure beauty, will live at least as long as anything dependent on so sorry a criterion as bare truth."

Among the scientists of today there is a growing sentiment to use the phrase "successful theory" in preference to "correct theory," as Professor Joseph Seidlin of Alfred College, Alfred, N. Y., points out. "By a successful theory is meant one which explains certain facts, which inspires and encourages thinking men to carry on in their respective fields with added vigor, which recreates and enlarges our concepts of the universe, which gives birth to numerous tributaries, and which arouses the otherwise sluggish layman. And who dare deny that Einstein's theory of relativity is a successful theory!"

Professor Heber D. Curtis, Director of the Allegheny Observatory at Pittsburgh, thinks that it is futile to argue as to whether the theory should or should not be accepted as the true explanation of our physical universe, if the arguments are based merely upon the peculiarities of the theory. "The efforts of those who do not believe that the Einstein theory is necessary and inevitable should be directed solely to a critical examination and experimental investigation of the three so-called proofs of the theory, — namely the deflection of light passing the sun's limb, the motion of the perihelion of Mercury, and the shift of the solar spectrum lines to the red. It is the belief of many that all these 'residual' phenomena will yet be explained as natural sequences of our classical three-dimensional mechanics; certainly they form the only logical present method of attack on the validity of the theory. If these residual phenomena can be explained in no other way than by Einstein's theory, and only in that case, we may be willing to accept it.

"As a by-product of an extensive program of precise solar spectrum wavelength determination now being carried on at the Allegheny Observatory by Dr. Keivin Burns, with the coöperation of Dr. Meggers, of the Bureau of Standards, we have collected considerable material relating to the third of the 'proofs' mentioned above, the shift of the solar spectrum lines to the red. Dr. Burns finds a very smooth and regular progression in this shift; the fainter lines are shifted little if at all to the red, while the shift increases as the stronger lines are used. This regular progression of shift must be due to some cause or causes other than relativity, and is a phenomenon very different from the uniform shift, the same for all lines, predicted by Einstein. The finest and sharpest lines, then, show no relativity shift in the sun; plates taken at the sun's limb show the same general results, and would seem to rule out any possibility of explaining the results as a combined relativity and velocity effect. The results are secured by a combined grating spectrograph and interferometer, and an accuracy of from one part in five to one part in eight million is easily

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secured, it being possible to detect shifts ten times smaller than that predicted by the theory. We regard our results to date as a very definite negation of this prediction of the Einstein theory. A critical investigation of the two other 'proofs' is needed, nor will it be necessary to assume this beautiful but bizarre theory as essential until all efforts to explain such deviations have failed."

Pot Versus Kettle

The futility of certain aspects of the controversy is strongly apparent to Mr. Scudder Klyce of Winchester, Massachusetts, who lifts it on a new plane and protests against any attempt to apply a yardstick to universal truths. "Orthodox science," he writes, "has for centuries been more and more omitting an essential third of the whole truth, — has been omitting relationship or 'relativity' or what we in everyday language call humanness, or morality, or value, or spirit. As a result, most scientists are now professionally materialistic and agnostic, — are basically wrong. About 1906 Einstein and others began to try to put that omitted third of the truth into orthodox science. For about that time there came to light some acute discrepancies between observed facts and that erroneous scientific doctrine of materialism. But Einstein and the others were themselves exact or mathematical scientists, and filled from youth with all the preconceptions of materialism. Therefore, following their materialistic bent, Einstein and his followers verbally turned relationship or relativity, which is the non-material part of truth, into the material or scientific part. That is, they at once began to speak of space in general as being curved and finite; and we all know that only concrete or material things are curved and finite. Thus the relativists capsized or inverted words as we commonly understand and use them, — turned black into white, so to speak . . . Einstein's theory is highly useful, although intrinsically meaningless in its orthodox form. For it is automatically destroying scientific materialism."

This confusion of terms is a stumbling-block that many of the Editor's correspondents point out. "It is alleged that Newton said no theory could claim popular support until its propounder was able to interpret it to the average man in the street," writes Mr. George Paaswell, Consulting Engineer of New York, who thinks that the gradual authentication of the Einstein theory during the last few years is leading to a popular referendum in favor of it. "The main objection I find to the theory," writes Professor R. R. Fleet, Dean of William Jewell College, Liberty, Missouri, "lies in the absurdity of the results." But, as Mr. Reynold Janney of Gillespieville, Ohio, points out, "One is not always sure that a conclusion is false even if it does seem absurd. However, if one's suspicions are aroused, the least one can do is to examine more carefully the assumptions. After this chilling dash of doubt I began to question more sceptically the so-called proofs of the theory. . . The impression made upon my mind is decidedly unfavorable to the mathematical conclusions of the theory."

Professor Everett I. Yowell, of the Cincinnati Observatory, follows Newcomb in the belief that the discordances predicted by Einstein, being mathematical deductions from his theory, must be exactly fulfilled to be of any value, and he holds that the observational evidence has failed to offer plausible ways of accounting for the divergences.

Dr. Thomas E. McKinney, Professor of Astronomy in the University of South Dakota, speaks for a considerable group when he says, "The attempts to account for the fundamental properties of matter as arising from the curvature of a four-dimensional space seems to come dangerously near a violation of the rule against explaining the unknown in terms of the still more unknown."

The Benefit of the Doubt

On the other hand, if one may safely judge from the proportion of letters received by the Editor in response to the Forum debate, the majority of mathematicians and astronomers seem disposed to give Einstein the benefit of the doubt. "Tensor analysis and the calculus, when applied to the study of gravitation, bear to each other much the same relation as exists between a micrometer and a steel rule," writes Professor Clarence N. Reynolds, Jr. of West Virginia University. "Each is accurate but one is more ac-

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curate than the other. They do not contradict one another. They supplement one another. This has been shown by recent astronomical observations which demonstrate that the implications of Einstein's theory of gravitation (founded upon tensor analysis) are a little more accurate than the implications of Newton's theory (founded upon the calculus).

"No theory is final; not even Einstein's. Since he first published his theory an Austrian named Weyl so extended it as to include the theory of electricity and magnetism in addition to that of gravitation. Then an Englishman, Eddington, made noteworthy improvements in Weyl's theory. About a year ago Einstein published a paper in which he took a step in advance of the point reached by Eddington. A few weeks ago an American, Eisenhart of Princeton, embodied all these earlier theories in a new formulation which seems to be an improvement on each of them. Thus we have a race between mathematicians. First Newton leads, then Einstein, then Weyl, then Eddington, then Einstein regains the lead only to be passed by Eisenhart. Is the race over? No. No one knows who will lead his fellows tomorrow, for there are hundreds of men taking part in it. This is the way in which science progresses. While some are debating whether Einstein or Newton is correct, the science of mathematical physics advances without waiting for the debate to be decided."

This opinion is somewhat amplified by Professor H. Bateman, of the California Institute of Technology, who writes: "Regarded as a working hypothesis, Einstein's theory has been a great success, for the new ideas which he has introduced have not only enabled him to suggest profitable lines of experimental work in astro-physics, but have led to a fruitful application and a marked extension of a powerful calculus which has been developed by mathematicians during the last century. The experimental confirmation of the theory, though still somewhat uncertain, is undoubtedly a great point in favor of the theory, but even if the agreement was ultimately found to be not as good as expected, the theory would still be of value as an indication of a method which will undoubtedly live.

"Perhaps the best indication of the value of the theory is the fact that many of the ablest mathematicians have been tempted away from their own fields of research and have devoted themselves enthusiastically to the development and modification of Einstein's theory. The ideas and equations of the theory appeal strongly to a mathematician's artistic sense, and the logic of the theory commands respect. In this connection it may be mentioned that in this country alone many mathematicians who are noted for the logical precision of their writings are grouped among Einstein's followers.

"The fact that such men are considering possible modifications of the theory does not mean that they are dubious regarding the ultimate success of the line of inquiry which Einstein has opened up. It means rather that mathematicians are not content with one possible explanation of phenomena but assiduously study all the different possible explanations in order to make sure that a proposed explanation is the only one which will account for the phenomena and is free from logical difficulties. Einstein himself is continually examining the foundations of his theory and considering possible modifications, and he watches with interest the attempts made by others.

"Einstein's theory is based on certain assumptions regarding the relation between space and time measurements. An expression is adopted for the square of the interval which brings distance and time into one category. The consequences of this assumption are numerous and it is an interesting problem to determine how many of these consequences can be retained by slightly modifying the assumption.

"The invariance of the interval for transformations of coördinates is another postulate, but attempts are being made to find new postulates of a more fundamental nature which will make this invariance one of their consequences. The geometry of paths and the theory of parallel displacement have already been used as new starting points.

"The famous prediction of a shift in spectral lines produced by the influence of the solar gravitational field, which is now, after some discussion, thought to have been confirmed, rests on the assumption that an atom is a natural clock

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with an associated natural frequency and related interval which can be determined from the properties of the emitted light. The success of the quantum theory of radiation makes the standard explanation of the shift incomplete, because it is the energy and not the 'frequency' of a light quantum that seems to be actually measured; but the general relativistic behavior of physical quantities suggests that when the properties of light-quanta are better understood, the mathematical explanation of the shift can be made fully clear. The fact that this difficulty has arisen on account of the theory of light-quanta proposed by Einstein himself is rather amusing.

"The prediction of the shift may be regarded as a triumph of mathematics. It is one thing to write down a set of equations that are co-variant for all transformations of coördinates, but it is a far greater thing to select from the many possible sets of co-variant equations one which will account, however approximately, for observed phenomena and enable further phenomena to be predicted. Any mathematician sufficiently learned in the work of his predecessors might have accomplished the first by simply following certain rules, but the second required courage and insight and Dr. Einstein is to be congratulated on a remarkable achievement."

Similar views as to the importance of the theory as a contribution to the progress of scientific thought are echoed by Professors C. C. MacDuffee and Einar Hille of Princeton; Albert A. Bennett and Paul M. Batchelder of the University of Texas; Roger A. Johnson of Hamline University, St. Paul; H. C. Gossard of the University of Wyoming; and William J. Berry of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn.

Testing the Theory

Testing the value of the theory in the light of two requirements demanded of any scientific theory, Dr. Philip Franklin of Harvard comes to the following conclusion: "As to *accounting for the facts*, it agrees with the results of Newton's theory in most cases, at least very closely. The three most noteworthy discrepancies, — the advance of the perihelion of Mercury 43″ per century, the deflection of a light ray grazing the sun through an angle of 1.7″, and the shift of the lines in the solar spectrum corresponding to an increase in wave length of .0002%, — have all been confirmed by experiment. While the agreement is not perfect, the errors are within the limits to be expected, and not great enough to cause doubt as to the existence of the effects. The last two were predicted by the theory in advance of experiment, and all three are obtained by computations which do not involve any constants determined by the experiment. While the first effect, the advance of Mercury's perihelion, had been known for over fifty years, no explanation had ever been given which was not of too artificial a nature to be generally accepted.

"As to *simplicity* (the second requirement of any scientific theory), the Einstein theory proceeds from a very few hypotheses, and by the logical and mathematical elaboration of these, reaches its final results. Though the mathematics itself is more complicated than that used in the Newtonian theory, from the standpoint of fundamental notions the theory is as simple and unified as the latter, and much more so than any modification of the latter which accounts for the three experimental results outlined above.

"Thus we are led to conclude that, in our present state of scientific knowledge, the theory of Einstein is preferable to that of Newton. Whether it represents a better approximation to a theory embracing the ultimate truth, or whether there really is such a theory, is a question of metaphysics which has little meaning for, and certainly cannot be answered by, the scientist."

This conclusion is carried a step further by Professor E. P. Adams, of the Palmer Physical Laboratory, Princeton, who emphasizes the physical rather than the geometrical aspects of the theory. "Of the two new effects predicted by Einstein as consequences of the theory of relativity, one, the bending of light from a star when the light passes near the sun, may be regarded as established. The other new effect, the shift of spectral lines, arising from the sun, towards the red, appears, according to the latest reports, probable. And when it is remembered that the theory also accounts for the motion of

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the perihelion of the planet Mercury, which had never before been satisfactorily explained, and, in a similar way, for the fine structure observed in many spectral lines, the value of the theory of relativity becomes evident. That observation does not agree exactly with calculation based upon the theory, is not surprising. Owing to mathematical difficulties, it is only in the case of a spherical distribution of matter, and so differences between observation and calculation are to be expected.

"The enunciation of the principle of relativity, together with finding a means of giving mathematical expression to it, so as to deduce its consequences, must be regarded as one of the greatest achievements of the human mind. For those of us who like to think in terms of mechanical models, who feel that we have no grasp of a physical theory unless we can see it work with the aid of such models, a theory of this kind must be unsatisfactory. But it begins to look as if nature were not built after the pattern of familiar models. To future generations, our insistence upon thinking in terms of such models may appear as naïve as the Ptolemaic astronomy does to us.

"As for the future theory of relativity, remembering that it is only in its infancy, I can do no better than quote Einstein's own words with reference to physical theories in general. 'One who studies nature along theoretical lines is not to be envied. For nature, or I should better say, experiment, is an inexorable and unfriendly director of his work. It never says Yes to a theory; in the most favorable cases it says Perhaps; but in most cases simply No. Indeed, every theory will sometimes receive its No, and most theories soon after their origin.'"

It is a question to be settled by inductive evidence, concludes Dr. Irving Fisher, the eminent political economist of Yale. "Astronomers and physicists must fight it out and the rest of us must wait."

Professor Henry S. White of Vassar is entirely resigned to this prospect of watchful waiting. The Einstein theory is no matter for beginners in physical science, he writes. "Newton and Clerk Maxwell are still valid for college juniors, and for most of us laymen."

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They swayed upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — *Keats*

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Mr. Seldes Patronizes

Mr. Gilbert Seldes (THE 7 LIVELY ARTS, Harper's, $4.00) cannot, of course, lay any claim to discovering the arts which he calls "lively," be they seven or seventy. Away back in the 'nineties, that benighted era so sniffed at by modern *literati*, it was the fashion to praise the variety show at the expense of more serious efforts; even then highbrow appraisers of the arts were defending popular taste against their disdainful highbrow readers. Mr. Seldes, who has perhaps spent more time listening to musical comedies than any other of the intelligentsia, writes of them, of jazz music, the Follies, Al Jolson, Charlie Chaplin — whom he calls "Charlot"— Ring Lardner — whom he calls "Lardy"— the comic strip, and many other matters. Part of the time he writes of these things entertainingly, part of the time with a most solemn and soporific heaviness. When on page 369 he gives "An Incomplete List of the Songs Written by Irving Berlin" one hardly knows whether to laugh or to cry.

With the statement that "we are too fed up with bad drawing, bad music, bad acting, and second-rate sentiment" there can be no quarrel. But when Mr. Seldes proceeds from this to the remark that George Herriman's *Krazy Kat* is "easily the most amusing and fantastic and satisfactory work of art produced in America today"— without being as certain as Mr. Seldes is just what is a work of art and what is not — one must consider the point as at least debatable. The "lively" arts, their champion feels, may rest their claim to attention on their technical perfection; they do what they aim to do perfectly; hence, says Mr. Seldes, the first class revue, the thoroughly accomplished dancer, are more important than a serious "drama" or an exponent of "classic" steps and postures. It is true that Irene Castle at her best is one of the most pleasing and delectable of sights; it is also true that Theodore Dreiser is one of the worst writers at present expressing themselves in the English tongue. Yet mere perfection of technique does not make Mrs. Castle a greater artist than Mr. Dreiser. It is not enough to do a job flawlessly; it is also necessary to attempt a profound and significant job. It is possible to carve one of the Psalms on the head of a pin with the

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utmost precision and delicacy, but that is less important, even for a single minute, than writing one of the least poetic of the Psalms.

Mr. Seldes gives the whole show away by admitting that the minor arts, as he also calls them, are transient; this makes them also fresh and good, he adds. It may also be said that it makes them essentially unimportant and remote from art, whether "lively" or not. If Mr. Seldes finds in *Krazy Kat* "delicacy, sensitiveness," and "an unearthly beauty," he may rest assured that the thousands of readers who read *Krazy Kat* in the New York American find none of these things. It is impossible to explain popular taste by reading into it a real appreciation of what is fine and good; if it likes *Krazy Kat*, it also likes *Andy Gump*, whom Mr. Seldes cannot abide. The high moments in jazz or the comic strip are as inexplicable and rare as the high moments in painting or music or poetry; they cannot be catalogued or defined; they should not be patted on the head.

D. G. Van Doren.

New York City.

A Pacifist Unafraid

Everyone who is curious in regard to world affairs must be watching with intense interest the fortunes of the present English government, the first Labor cabinet in the history of Great Britain. Will it last? Will it revolutionize English life? The answer hangs largely upon the character of Ramsay MacDonald. Once deeply discredited on account of his fearless expression of pacifism, with his political future apparently ruined, he is now the latest example which history has to show of the fulfilment of the old saying "The stone which the builders rejected is become the head-stone of the corner." How will the new Prime Minister use his magnificent opportunity?

Ramsay MacDonald is a Socialist, but the mental picture that the average American forms of a Socialist leader would not fit him at all. According to *Iconoclast* (J. Ramsay MacDonald, the man of tomorrow, Seltzer, $2.50), he is opposed to violence as a means of settling either international or industrial disputes. He believes in bringing about the better social order by a slow evolutionary process, rather than by a convulsive revolution. He is a foe to Communism. He is tolerant of the opinions of others, and is a careful student of both science and history.

The most distinguishing trait in MacDonald is the unswerving consistency with which he pursues his ideal. He is undaunted by defeat, unmoved by the impatience of his followers, undismayed by situations calling for the highest moral courage.

According to *Iconoclast's* interpretation, the most hopeful factors in the present Labor cabinet are the moderation, deep sincerity and keen intellect of its leader, while the possible drawbacks to its success are his inability to read the character of others and his somewhat domineering, though likable, personality.

The book is an able and subtle piece of analysis, written sympathetically, but with discrimination.

Katharine Dame.

Cambridge, Mass.

Autobiography As It Should Be

"The confessional school of literature" is increasing at such tremendous speed that one not infrequently feels inclined to shriek for mercy. The school seems to be founded principally on the impression, — fostered, one is inclined to suspect, by correspondence schools and teachers of English composition, — that any experience of absorbing interest to the writer will fill the reader with an equal glow of interest and enthusiasm. Whoever it was who said that there is at least one good novel in the life of every man has much to answer for. But, if surfeited with the psychiatric experiences of the young and the anecdotes of the aged, you are about to register a vow never to read autobiography again, you stumble upon a real and fascinating book, you realize afresh that after all the trouble is not with the form but with the man behind it. If you have not read Algernon Blackwood's Episodes Before Thirty (E. P. Dutton and Company, $3.00), go out and buy it now. It will restore your faith in autobiography, and just possibly in mankind.

It is the story of a young English lad, uncommonly ignorant of the ways of the

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world, pitched into a new country headforemost, with no training, no experience, and only a little money which is rapidly removed from him by more sophisticated friends. He tells of dairy farming and hotel keeping in Canada, starvation and newspaper work in New York, expeditions into the primeval forest, friendships with curious individuals, so vividly drawn that they are altogether convincing. It all makes a story unusual and interesting, perhaps not unique but striking in its sincerity, in the boy's strange detachment, and his ability to keep his own personality clean and inviolate. You care enormously about that boy before you have read two chapters; you will find it quite impossible to leave the book unfinished. One wishes there were an original and intelligent way of saying "a genuine and valuable human document."

MARGARET L. FARRAND.

Northampton, Mass.

Twilight Poetry

The pale, wistful loveliness of twilight is over all Mr. Morton's poetry (HARVEST, David Morton, G. P. Putnam's Sons) and it should be read only when one feels a touch of twilight in one's mood, otherwise his perpetual harping in a minor key may pall.

There is no doubt that Mr. Morton has an enviable mastery of the sonnet form (this latest volume contains only sonnets) and that he makes of it a thing most lyrical; he avoids the monotony that is the hall mark of poorly written sonnets; his lines are free and fluid, flowing as easily as water; and his themes are themes of beauty.

Occasionally, too, he strikes a powerful note, a black note in the steady grey.

"*Now grief has gathered all her harvests in:*
Black-headed wheat, and poisonous corn and clover;"

If this crop of sonnets showed more "black-headed wheat" the volume might be stronger. Another sonnet that stands out from the rest is "*One Man*," though it suggests the influence of Edwin Arlington Robinson. "*The Day Goes out in Rain*" presents to the mind a finely etched scene; it has a superb third line:

"*Only the rain is left . . . the solid trees*
Are shapes that fade to ghosts in misty air,
And beaten hills go down on heavy knees
In cumbersome grotesqueries of prayer."

The fourth line is unfortunate.

As for the rest, they soothe rather than stimulate; like gentle music, they betray one into dreaming — but it is the cool dreaming of twilight, not the warm, adventurous dreaming of early morning. Of most of the sonnets in this volume it could be said, as Mr. Morton says of his dreams:

"*The pale and stricken radiance of the moon*
Is on them like a wan mortality."

ELSA GIDLOW.

New York City.

Back to Ararat

BEGINNING AGAIN AT ARARAT is the title of a new book by Dr. Mabel Elliott (Fleming H. Revell, $2.00). The subtitle, "The Story of a Modern Florence Nightingale," indicates its character. It is a story, told in most gripping fashion, of a woman physician in Armenia, Turkey, and Greece. For several years Dr. Elliott represented the American Women's Hospitals in the Balkans and the Near East. More recently she has been associated with the Near East Relief hospital work in Greece.

I saw something of Dr. Elliott's wonderful hospital work both in the Russian Caucasus and at ancient Ismid, sixty miles east of Constantinople on the Sea of Marmora. I met Dr. Elliott at Ismid a few days after the Turks had driven several thousand Greeks and Armenians from Ismid. Amid scenes of tragedy and horror indescribable Dr. Elliott and her brave women assistants, both native and American, calmly stayed at their posts with their helpless patients. Soon her hospital was crowded with Turkish soldiers wounded in the battle with the Greeks at Bardizag a few miles away. This hospital was the only one between Constantinople and the far interior of Turkey.

Dr. Elliott's book is filled with intimate touches of the life and character of the various peoples of the Near East among whom she worked. It is well illustrated with a dozen photographs, including a fine picture of Mount Ararat. The man or woman who wants to understand what is really going on behind the scenes in the

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DRURY COLLEGE
Springfield, Missouri

Near East cannot afford to miss reading *Beginning Again at Ararat.* It is the story of an observing eye-witness told with pathos and candor, — as thrilling in its sustained interest as a novel and as convincing as history.

E. Guy Talbott.

Pasadena, Calif.

For Musical Illiterates

In language as simple and unmistakable as a book of etiquette Sigmund Spaeth has unveiled for the uninitiate the mystery of music (Common Sense of Music, Boni and Liveright, $2.00).

Anton Rubinstein, the great musical classicist and aristocrat of acoustics, in his *Conversations on Music* some fifty years ago, expressed the belief that music should never be brought to the people, that they, as meek individuals should make their pilgrimages to the mystic shrines of the great symphonies and listen, without external aid, until of their own souls they achieved the glamour of true comprehension. Dr. Spaeth, in a more democratic era, endeavors to cast a guiding light upon those shrines.

His principles will be encouraging to the worried individual who has been constrained to sit through countless concerts, without daring to express his true reactions, making of his very silence a hypocrisy. Says Dr. Spaeth:

"*If you like a tune, don't be ashamed to say so.*"

On that groundwork of candor he hopes to erect a structure of sincerity and endurance.

"*Don't worry about your musical taste. It will develop normally if you hear enough music, both good and bad. Form your own opinions and use your own ears.*"

What other critic of today would have ventured to advise a diet of both good and bad? And yet, how can one appreciate to the fullest the true, without having heard the false? It is an elementary and radical change in the advice given to beginners in musical appreciation.

There is a particularly interesting chapter entitled "Old Tunes for New" in which Dr. Spaeth indicates how our jazz composers are indebted to Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Schubert, Puccini and other recognized men. He condones this musical pilfering on the ground that the plagiaristic substitute can have but ephemeral value and that the average man will come to learn the true value of the classics by ultimately recognizing them as the source of his first musical loves.

Above all, praised be the author, it is a sane book, something one cannot say of every modern treatise on musical aesthetics.

Hugo Sonnenschein.

New York City.

Heirs Apparent

"I'm fed up with Oxford. There's nothing in it — for me," announces *Julian Perryam* in Philip Gibbs' latest literary production, Heirs Apparent (Doran, $2.00). Since Oxford holds nothing for him *Julian* and *Audrey Nye*, another bored young student, walk home together. Thereby hangs a tale.

Secure in the arrogance of their youth they feel that Scandal can not touch them with her smutty fingers, and strangely enough that vindictive lady does find it difficult to discompose them. Not only do these serene, old-youngsters refuse to submit to social conventions which seem to hamper them, but having attained "the years of discretion" since the fighting of the greatest war in history, they refuse to be held responsible for the "messy" condition of affairs which has resulted from "the late unmentionable."

From all of this comment it may be correctly inferred that Mr. Gibbs' latest literary production is very late indeed. Life (with a capital "L") seems to be one of the not too original topics of conversation among the younger characters in modern fiction. These particular ones go out to meet their individual experiences with some reluctance, and yet, paradoxically, with perfect assurance based upon a philosophy of self-control gradually built up in the unturbulent atmosphere of Baliol.

The story of how Life treats these hesitant adventurers is Mr. Gibbs', and should not be revealed in any mere review. The book is an attempt to analyze modern youth, and as such is no worse, and indeed considerably better, than most. The characters and the plot are patently instruments which the author manipulates

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to accord with his own thought processes. His conclusion he puts into the mouth of *Miss Nye*, who is one of his most consistent characters, when she says, "The young idea is only the old idea in a different sort of slang." It is a great tribute to Mr. Gibbs that his reader can feel that he has made of this book as of the *Middle of the Road*, in spite of a transparent plot and characters which are more or less automatons, a very convincing and not in the least boring treatise on his own reactions to the age in which he lives. He admits into the narrative a number of clever bits of conversation, and a few half articulate attempts of *Julian* to discover a truly workable philosophy by which to guide his future. Mr. Gibbs is not a literary artist, but he is a sane thinking individual who seems untouched by the monotonous pessimism of many of his contemporaries. It is with a certain very real pleasure that one reads his last sentence, "Here's to the Heirs Apparent . . . Youth's all right."

LOUISE WALKER.

Northampton, Mass.

Clan Fealty in New York

A limited edition, agreeably bound and illustrated is the seemly outward appearance of "GRACE CHURCH AND OLD NEW YORK" (E. P. Dutton & Company, $10.00), Mr. William Rhinelander Stewart's filial genealogy of his ancestral parish. He has fulfilled the promise of the title and made it impossible to think of Grace Church without Old New York, or of Old New York without Grace Church. Moreover, the first chapter is a picturesque exploration of the colonial roots of the Episcopal Church in general and relates Grace Church to the English Churches of the New York and the Virginia Colonies. The interesting fact that Grace Church was founded and generously endowed by Old Trinity will be a surprise to the unlearned.

The many large pages evidencing careful research, give a vivid impression; of able rectors and laymen; of a church with civic responsibility; of the birth of a consciousness of neighbors on the East Side; of the development of an institutional church; of great wealth and fine abilities generously used for church and city; and of a sort of clan fealty among Grace Church people of varied rank and fortune, toward their Church and toward each other.

The popular mind will not be disabused by this volume of the idea that the Episcopal Church is aristocratic; on the other hand, in every Grace Church household it should be kept, like the family genealogy, on an inconspicuous shelf but in the perpetual remembrance of children's children, that when the acid test comes of high responsibility or sacrificial generosity, they may not be found wanting. The book will be an urge to the stranger within our gates to visit Grace Church and its treasures; it might even bestir an inbred New Yorker to go down, in August when nobody would catch him sight-seeing, and get a real thrill of civic patriotism.

ELIZABETH HALE GILMAN.

New York City.

Now 'Tis Written

When a haberdasher advertises an article as "smart" and "up-to-date" the propriety thereof is seldom questioned, but when a publisher characterizes a book in similar terms, one may well speculate as to the justification. The case in point, however, has to do with Cosmo Hamilton's UNWRITTEN HISTORY (Little, Brown, $4.00) and the Advertising Manager has not overstepped his bounds. There is a dignity, a grace, a novelty, albeit ephemeral, about the volume certain to delight the most fastidious in the matter of "summer reading."

Cosmo Hamilton is a brother of Philip Gibbs, the war-correspondent, and of Arthur Hamilton Gibbs, the novelist. An Englishman by birth, an American by residence, a playwright by profession, a novelist between plays, his opportunities have been plentiful for gathering the experience, incident, and anecdote which give life and zest to the pages of *Unwritten History*.

The volume is chiefly autobiographical. Its significance is to be found in the fact that Mr. Hamilton is in years still what we are pleased to call a "young man" and that the people about whom he gossips and chats in a genial good-humored way are themselves much in the public eye. It is refreshing in these days of reminiscences of Forty-Niners, Mid-Victorians, and deceased Bostonians to meet informally this

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host of contemporaries whose names and faces are familiar even to young readers. Mr. Hamilton introduces a notable group of authors, editors, actors, movie stars, politicians, reformers, financiers, and military men on both sides of the Atlantic, his acquaintances ranging from King George to Charlie Chaplin and Lady Astor to the Duncan Sisters. He tells his story in full knowledge of the relative unimportance of what he has to say, and therein lies its charm. He is frank without being brutal and witty at no one's expense. The pervading element of personality is strong but restrained throughout. With a good sense of perspective, Mr. Hamilton shows a remarkably clear "close-up" of himself and, in panorama, much that is peculiarly characteristic of modern life.

DALE WARREN.

Boston, Mass.

Stanislavsky's Memoirs

MY LIFE IN ART, by Constantin Stanislavsky (Little, Brown, $6.00) is a remarkable book, and one which must appeal to every student of Art even by its mistakes, and false points of views, of which we find several. It is, if we may be forgiven for using the phrase, an *atmospheric* book, because it brings before us bright and clear, a world which before the author opened its doors, was to us an unknown quantity. It breathes of Russia, Russian people, and Russian opinions, — extreme and violent sometimes, erroneous in some points, but sincere throughout. Studying Stanislavsky's work, we can form an opinion of what Russian society was in those years before the war, so different from all that it is now; this amiable, charming, careless, and rather perverse society, that applauded the great actor in St. Petersburg and in Moscow, and that discussed Tolstoi and Dostoevski and other minor giants from a purely academic point of view, without realising all the formidable strength which lay behind their works. Stanislavsky was different from his contemporaries in that respect; he saw beyond the naturally narrow horizon before him; he realised the possibilities which were hidden behind its clouds; and he was lucky enough to see these clouds fade away in a clear sky, after he had resolutely made up his mind to push them aside.

His book is also singularly interesting by the sketches which it contains of several powerful Russian personalities, not so well known to our American public as Tolstoi and his followers, Dostoevski or Maxim Gorki. His chapter on Nemirowitsch Danchenko is particularly vivid, and to those who have known the famous writer and critic it brings him back with all his charming characteristics. His account of his visit to Maeterlinck, is also most amusing and tinted with a shade of irony which is kind and sarcastic at the same time. And nothing more delicious can be imagined than his remark that so far as the private life of the famous writer was concerned "he must lower the curtain, for it would be very immodest to describe something which had been opened to him only by happy accident." The use of the words *happy*, and *accident*, constitute one of the best deserved reproofs that has ever been administered to the author of *The Blue Bird*.

The weakest part in this delightful book is that in which the Russian Revolution is described, which it seems to us that Stanislavsky has failed to understand; or at least he has failed to realise its lurid, bloody side. He dismisses it in a few words which he might have made more forceful. Of course one can understand the reasons which compel him to deal briefly with this terrible page in Russian history, that reminds us so often of the times of that Tzar called *the Terrible;* nevertheless we would have liked him not to dismiss the awful subject in such a careless manner. But then Stanislavsky is an artist before everything else, and even a Revolution loses its violence and its horrors when seen with artistic eyes. We must admire him for the grave and earnest tone, as well as for the indulgence with which he tackles the greatest problems of his time, and envy him for the philosophy he has always practised, all through his varied and interesting existence.

Once more *My Life in Art* is not only an entertaining but a remarkable book.

C. RADZIWILL.

New York City.

Note: Included in this edition are the selections from Stanislavsky's Memoirs which were recently published for the first time by THE FORUM.

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Disciples of Darwin

It is worth nine dollars to look at the colored plates and the eighty three photographs, which are in reality the least part of GALAPAGOS: WORLD'S END, by Charles William Beebe (Putnam, $9). To open the book quite casually near the middle and discover on a double-page color plate a giant land iguana in coppers and hennas and orange against a solid yellow background when a moment before one did not know such a creature existed is better than any ten of the glorious thrills one was wont to get from Robinson Crusoe, back in the old days. Surprise and science and verve are in every picture and in every page. The photographs, as diversified as the expedition itself, are in their way as informal, as clear, as scientific and as highly appreciative of values as the unself-conscious, sparkling text.

Doctor Beebe and his associates insist throughout the book that their expedition was "in the wake of Darwin" and they speak with the affectionate appreciation of disciples regarding the deductions and surpassing chronicle of the young Charles Darwin when he visited Galapagos in the *Beagle* in 1835.

The chapters contributed by Ruth Rose, the "Historian, Curator of Catalogues and Live Animals," are delectable.

Doctor Beebe's book is exactly the sort of scientific work which should follow in point of publication and consumption by readers Thomson's *Outline of Science*. A few more such books published and read and Professor James Harvey Robinson would never need worry again about the humanizing of knowledge.

MARGERY QUIGLEY.

Endicott, N. Y.

Flippant and Fantastic

It's a dull day that doesn't bring a "prize novel" to our unenlightened shores, — and frequently it's a dull day that does. The *literati* of France, Italy, Norway, Sweden and outlying districts are good sports, ready to stake a masterpiece against a medal at any time.

One can picture the scene of breathless excitement outside the Academie as the judges are deliberating over an award. A young author who has gambled his all upon an autobiographical trilogy, falls into a fit of trembling, and is led away by sympathetic friends. Veteran novelists who have seen the making and the breaking of a thousand reputations, are suddenly gripped by stage fright, and search frantically through their pockets for aspirin tablets. Book-makers weave through the crowd, chanting in a tense monotone, "Three to one on Morand — two to one on Thibaudet — three to one, bar none — four to one on the field."

After the race is over, after the prize is won, the book appears in an American edition and is dutifully read by all of us who pride ourselves upon "the larger outlook on life." Although it is ostensibly a novel, we find that actually it is a stirring protest against the existing divorce laws of Czecho-Slovakia, or a fearless exposé of municipal corruption among the shrimp-pickers of Heligoland, or perhaps an appeal for better transportation facilities on the Bessarabian steppes. In other words, it is propaganda, and it is swallowed whole by the same people who strain at the narratives of Upton Sinclair.

Therefore one is refreshed at this time to come upon LEAVE IT TO PSMITH (Doran, $2). It deals with doings overseas, but it is devoid of any deep and dreary purpose. Mr. Wodehouse is not interested in reforming anybody or anything. His intention is merely to make his readers laugh, and he succeeds.

In *Leave It To Psmith*, as in his other novels, Mr. Wodehouse has taken an idle, upper class Englishman of the much-ridiculed "I-say-what-what" type, and has made him a truly likable character.

The story concerns the attempts of about half a dozen assorted persons to steal a necklace. Not a novel idea, but the author gives it so many unexpected twists that one reads the tale as eagerly as if necklaces had never been stolen before.

Admirers of blood-and-bone realism will find this book impossible. It is flippant, artificial, and fantastic, — so fantastic that it might have been created by that renegade realist, G. K. Chesterton. *Psmith* is a shallow, superficial hero, but he is a pleasant companion on a summer afternoon, which is more than can be said for the pensive peasants of the prize-winners.

WEARE HOLBROOK.

Onawa, Iowa.

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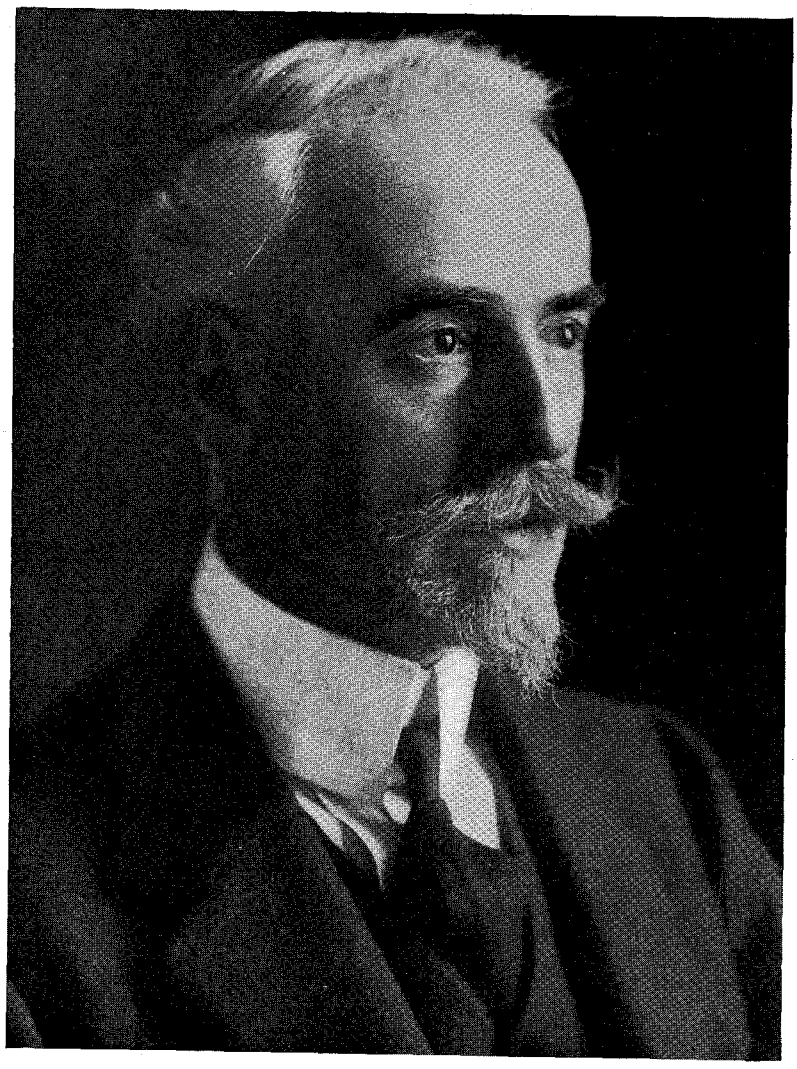

HENRY WICKHAM STEED

Formerly editor of the London "Times," who contributes to this issue of THE FORUM *a reminiscence of conversations with King Edward VII and with Clemenceau*

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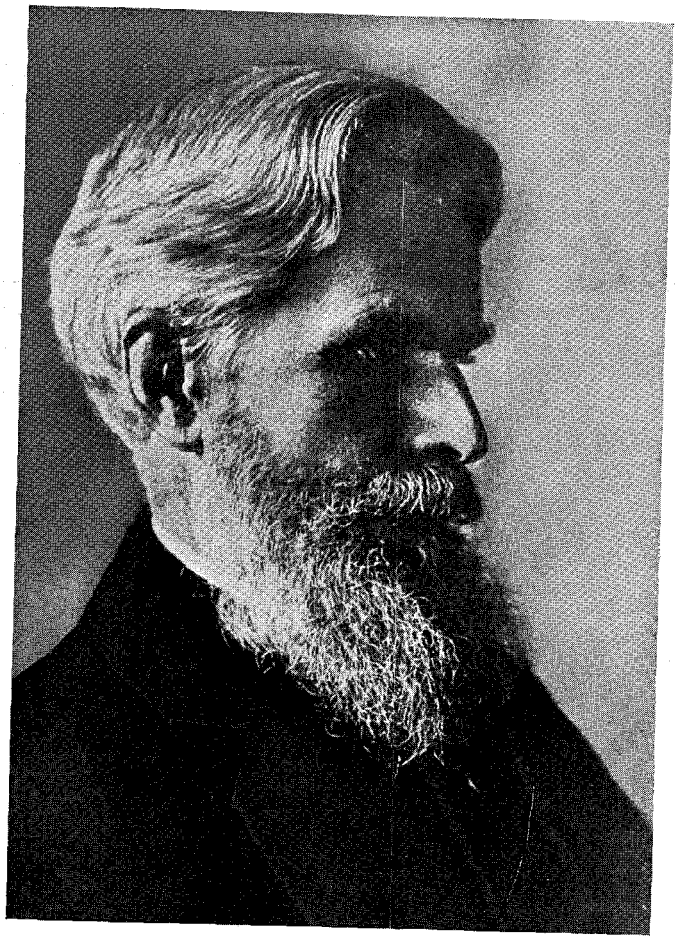

HAVELOCK ELLIS

Who is contributing new "impressions" to this and the next issue of THE FORUM. *Mr. Mencken regards him as "the most civilized Englishman living today"*

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ARTHUR HAMILTON GIBBS

Whose new novel "Soundings" will be published in seven installments in THE FORUM, *commencing with the October number*

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VALENTINE STUART MCCLATCHY

Who succeeded in keeping Asiatics out of the United States, and who explains, in this issue of THE FORUM, *why he believes that the Japanese should not be granted American citizenship*

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